

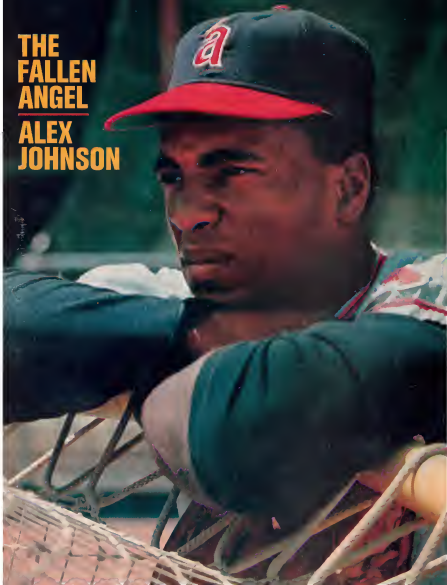
Sports Illustrated

JULY 6, 1971

60 CENTS

**THE
FALLEN
ANGEL**

**ALEX
JOHNSON**



How to get about 20 more drops out of Johnnie Walker Red.

When your bottle of Johnnie Walker Red appears empty, place it under hot, scalding water, and more drops of the world's largest selling Scotch will appear. You can do the same thing with any empty bottle of whiskey, but when you do it with Johnnie Walker Red Label, it's worth the trouble.

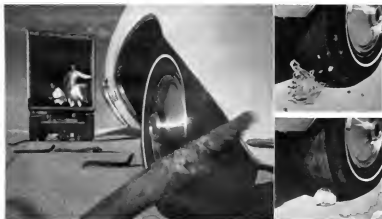


Johnnie Walker Red. The world's largest selling Scotch.

100% Blended Scotch Whisky. 86 © Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS LTD., New York, N.Y.

Before you go on vacation, remember:

1. to lock all doors and windows.
2. to use a timer to turn lights on at night.
3. to stop milk, mail, and newspapers.
4. how we threw all kinds of things that could spoil your vacation in front of double-belted Firestone tires—to show how the strength of double belting gives you added protection against road hazards.



5. and remember that your Firestone Dealer or Store will put Firestone Sup-R-Belt tires on your car, and their convenient credit terms will leave your vacation money untouched.

"have a good vacation"
Firestone

How tragedy revealed a man's secret devotion to his wife



The man was a salesman. He lived in Portland, Oregon in the late 30's and his name was not John, so we will call him John. The full story was told in *The Oregon Voice*, the local newspaper.

John and his wife Betty had been at odds. John wanted to spend more for life insurance; Betty was adamant. The budget was stretched already.

But John figured with the help of some special company bonuses he could buy a Connecticut Mutual policy and pay for it privately. Betty would be none the wiser, and she and the children would have the insurance protection John felt they should have.

John signed the application for a Connecticut Mutual policy. Five days later, he was found dead inside his car on a lonely road.

Although Connecticut Mutual hadn't formally accepted the risk, we accepted liability. Moreover, investigation convinced us it was an accident. The heirs were entitled to double indemnity.

We then told Betty of the "secret" policy. John's mute commitment to their love. And, over 20 years we paid Betty—in cash and in income—more than \$49,900.

● We honor such trusts today as we have been honoring them for 125 years. In that time, people have come to rely on CML for even more than they bargained for.

And it's paid off. We've grown steadily to become one of America's largest life insurance companies. Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader in low cost to policyholders. Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unflinching for 125 years. Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less.

Connecticut
MUTUAL
the Blue Chip® company



Contents

JULY 5, 1971 Volume 35, No. 1

Cover photograph by Fred Kaplan

12 For Failure to Give His Best . . .

California's fallen—and suspended—Angel, Alex Johnson, is an enigma even to himself

18 Firstest, Fastest and Mostest

It seemed that never had so many run so quick as at the national track and field championships

22 A Can-Do Scot in the Can-Am

Jackie Stewart soaked the flames of a rich sports car series by beating the dastardly McLarens

24 The Jockey Is a Lady

So are the exercise boys and the grooves, as girls, pretty girls, move into racing. A photographic report

30 The Buckeyes Don't Have It

Five members of Ohio State's Rose Bowl team went high in the pro football draft, but only one has signed

46 Gentle Ben Gets Rough

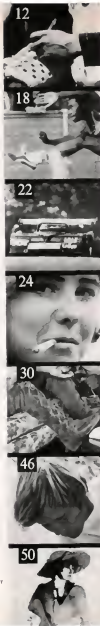
A Texas freshman named Ben Crenshaw played stunning golf to lead his team to the NCAA championship

50 In the Mind's Eye

What does a professional athlete think about while he competes? George Plimpton asks some Wimbledon players

The departments

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------|
| 6 Scorecard | 48 Motor Sports |
| 38 People | 66 For the Record |
| 40 Baseball | 67 19th Hole |
| 46 Golf | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James R. Murphy, President; Richard H. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Shaw, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscriptions prices in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands \$12.00 a year; military personnel anywhere in the world \$4.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 66

Next week

YES, HE'S VIDA. and Blue too, like the vireos who but against him Ray Blount reports on the Mansfield, La. (and Oakland) pitcher who may be a quarterback at heart.

THE CAPSIZE KID is what Ted Turner, sailor and bit who, used to be called before he got out of the dinghies and became a big blue-water winner with a famous old Eagle.

CHALLENGING NATURE can be deadly sport, particularly when the adversary is the raging terror of Niagara Falls. Mark Kram profiles a man, a racer and a compulsion.

4

Don't muddy up the googol.*

*Googol: The largest number of things that has a name. Webster defines as the number one followed by a hundred zeroes.

There are googols of little creatures squigling and burrowing, flitting and squishing under the mud, through the swamps and over the sandy marshes. Sea squirts, copepods, lug-worm larvae and the babies of little fish. Each with a kind of a brain, each with the breath of life. But their life is ebbing. And as they start to go—you do, too.

You are standing on the threshold of time in as sacred a place as any in the world. It's where the life of the water and the life of the land converge in biological blur. These are the wetlands—the swamps and the mudflats that sometimes smell like rotten eggs. These are the marshes, clogged with weeds, swarming with bugs, teeming with beautiful life. This is where the moon moves the water in shallow ebbs and floods; where the sun pierces down to the ooze and the nutrients flow in a strange and marvelous way. Nowhere else except here in these sopping grounds is there so much life in so much concentration. But the life is dwindling. And as these lands start to go—you do, too.

These squishy, mushy lands are where most of our fish are born, the fish that feed the fish

that feed the fish that fill the sea. These narrow strips of estuarine land are where the birds come to rest and nest and feed; and they are tied inexorably to the life support for the raccoons and the bears and the deer a hundred miles away. And to you.

In California, most of the wetlands are already gone. In Florida, they're going fast. Once there were 127 million acres of interior and coastal wetlands. Now forty per cent are gone, the precious specks of life in these treasured lands exchanged for yacht clubs and marinas and industrial growth. As we dredge the bays and fill the marshes and cover the mud with asphalt; as we spray our poisons and scatter our waste and spew oil upon the waters—we destroy forever the great forces of life that began millennia ago.

But now we have gone too far. Because this planet belongs not only to us but to them as well. To the umpteen zillion other things that fly in the sky and roam on the land and swim in the sea and burrow beneath our feet.

Now, especially now, if we will only stop to think—perhaps we will think to stop.

Sierra Club



**No matter how you look
at them Power-Bilts have
an edge on competition**

You and sole weighted flange back on
iron provides best weight distribution
possible; beveled sole takes the "fat"
out of iron shots; brass backed wheel-
low faced fairway woods get the ball
up and away from snug lies. Dual-
Power Lightweight Steel Shaft gives
extra kick for extra distance. Give
yourself the edge on competition. See
Power-Bilts at your pro shop. Write for
FREE full color catalog and the
booklet, "Why Engineered Golf Clubs
Perform Better." Address Dept. 20-1.

HILLERICH & BRADSHAW CO.
P.O. Box 506, Louisville, Ky. 40001

Makers of famous **CECIL** Athletic Products

Master-Matched
Power-Bilt
Golf Clubs

Exclusively At Your Pro Shop

BOOKTALK

A canine encyclopedia: the perfect way
for dogged readers to fill a rainy summer

People who are interested in dogs are real-
ly interested in dogs. Nothing else will
suffice. One sees the types, individual yet
familiar: the elderly Chesapeake handler,
hatband studded with field-trail pins, at his
happiest in some rain-soaked tidal marsh;
the petite lady bull-mastiff fancier, forever
on the telephone to another fanatic, dis-
cussing Jeeves, a contented stud, the an-
tique dealer transported by long-haired
dachshunds, the alumnus whose profile now
startlingly resembles one of his bull terriers.

For those dedicated dog fanciers, *The New
Dog Encyclopedia* (Stackpole Books, Har-
risburg, Pa., \$24.95), a revision of Henry
P. Davis' old *Modern Dog Encyclopedia*,
should prove to be a bone worth gnawing.
Aside from the three-volume Hutchinson's
dog encyclopedia published in England, this
is probably the most exhaustive canine work
ever produced. It does justice to both browser
and bowser. It will be of value to the new-
comer with a pound mutt or the most ex-
perienced kennel owner. The hefty volume
fit weights approximately the same as a fox
terrier (covers an unusually wide range of
subjects, from choosing dogs to identifying
them. There is a section on AKC recog-
nized breeds and a well-done entry on little-
known breeds outside the U.S., including
the Catalan sheep dog and the Tibetan bear
dog).

An assortment of information and inter-
esting trivia is offered to entice novices of
dogdom's hot-stove league (for instance,
let's hear it for Richard H. Sager of Ran-
dolph, Ohio, who has eight of the 11 field
spaniels extant in this country. And let us
salute Adjutant, a Labrador retriever born
Aug. 14, 1936 who died on Nov. 20, 1963,
at 27 years and three months, the oldest re-
corded dog ever).

Occasionally the reader is treated to blunt
commentary, of the "richard pointing grif-
fen it is vain," he is unable to compete
on even terms with several other breeds
among American pointing dogs. Most of
them, in fact, can give him "cards and spades"
and still take almost every trick.

Inevitably, there are a few flaws. The pho-
tographs of dog cranes and equipment have
captions giving the names and addresses of
the manufacturers down to the very zip
codes, and this taints the book with an un-
fortunate commercial aroma. The descrip-
tion of retriever field trials is hopelessly out-
of-date—probably a forgotten leftover from
the original Davis book. Still, it is so in-
nocently and charmingly done that it reads
like a beginning period piece.

Overall, *The New Dog Encyclopedia* may
be for dog owners the hardest thing in
print next to a pile of newspapers.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE

emaskop

a complete
vest-pocket
optical system



Shoe-actual size

We went to Weitzel, Germany (world capital
of fine optics) to find such perfection at such
a price. Remove the EMASKOP from its fitted
leather case and it is a 30x microscope.
A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x tele-
scope (ideal for theater, field or sky) or a
3x or 5x telescope. Another change
and you have your choice of 5x, 10x or 15x
magnifying glasses. The perfect vest-pocket
equipment for watching professionals and
amateurs and all those who wish to observe
anything closely and clearly. A most dis-
tinct optical glass. If you make a touch of
quantity, the EMASKOP will do you prac-
tically lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely
flat lens. Modern Photography Magazine calls
the EMASKOP "the only magnifier worthy
of the name."

I send me the EMASKOP I enclose \$17.95
(\$18.95 plus \$1 postage and insurance).
Cash orders add 5% tax. Refund with-
in 2 weeks, if not delighted. SJ 070506

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____, Zip: _____

584 Washington,
San Francisco 94111
Phone (415) 561-5668

haverhill's

OUR PITCH:

Try a subscription to **SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED** and then see if you
can break the habit. Bet you can't.
Use the order card in this issue,
today.



1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis



Sports Illustrated

Invites you to take a free golf lesson

Send today for either one or both of these SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Golf Lessons. Listen to them, follow the instructions, practice for as long as ten days and see if this totally new method of helping you understand what you are trying to do when you hit the ball — and how you are going to do it — has a positive effect on your game. If it does, keep the lessons and enjoy the season ahead. We'll bill you for the correct amount. If you're not completely satisfied, however, simply return the lessons to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and pay nothing.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is willing to make this offer because we've found a teaching pro whose approach to the game is so unique — so sensible and so refreshingly simple — that we believe he can help any golfer who plays to a 10 or higher handicap. He's Clyde Allen, and in the past 20 years he's taught an amazing number of people how to play a better game of golf — youngsters just starting out, high-handicap weekenders, ladies and seniors.

These are real lessons — not just a few tips from a touting pro or elaborate explanations of golf theory. They were recorded exclusively for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED this season to provide our readers with the kind of solid professional instruction usually available only from a top teaching pro. With one important difference: You can take these lessons at home. And you can take them over and over again — before you play each round, after you've come in, or during the week when you just feel like swinging a club for a few minutes.

LESSON 1—Fundamentals of the Golf Swing. Side #1 includes gripping the club, addressing the ball, stance, posture, taking the club away, the "feel" of a correct back swing shifting your weight, body and shoulder turn, the downswing, striking the ball, and follow through. Side #2 provides some positive thoughts on such negative items as hooking, slicing, shanking and swaying.

LESSON 2—Fundamentals of the Short Game. Side #1 starts with stance, address and distribution of weight, knee flex, shifting your grip, and then goes into taking the club away, backswing, downswing, tempo, and striking the ball. Side #2 covers such important refinements to your overall game as mental preparation, looking up, club selection, wind, favorite clubs, and golf etiquette.

SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER

Each SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Golf Lesson is priced at \$6.95 in 12" LP record form or \$7.95 in tape cassette form. To order yours, simply return the order card boxed in this issue or mail the coupon below. Please note that you can order both records for only \$12.00 or both cassettes for only \$14.00. Keep the lesson(s) for the 10-day free trial period. Then if you're not completely satisfied, return them and pay nothing.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GOLF LESSONS

P. O. Box 5698, Terre Haute, Ind. 47785

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lesson 1—The Fundamentals of the Golf Swing | <input type="checkbox"/> Tape Cassette—\$7.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12" LP Record—\$6.95 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lesson 2—The Fundamentals of the Short Game | <input type="checkbox"/> Tape Cassette—\$7.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12" LP Record—\$6.95 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Both Lessons | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 records—\$12.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 cassettes—\$14.00 |

I want to take a lesson (or two) from Clyde Allen. Please send me the lesson(s) I have indicated and bill me later.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

I understand if I am not completely satisfied I may return the lesson(s) and pay nothing. If I decide to keep the lesson(s) you may bill me for the correct amount.

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

ALI WINS BY A DECISION

The Damocletian sword that has hung over the head of Muhammad Ali for four years has been lifted, thanks to a Supreme Court decision that unanimously reversed his draft evasion conviction.

The court found that the former heavyweight champion's "beliefs are founded on tenets of the Muslim religion as he understands them."

Those who have known Ali in his quieter moments—that is to say, when he has not been ballyhooing a fight with boasts and doggerel—have long been convinced of his sincerity in the matter of his religion. It is gratifying to learn that the nation's highest court has reached the same conclusion.

ONE FOR THE UMP

It was a friendly golf game, so it made no difference, really, but what if it had happened in a tournament?

Mary Ann Edge is the women's city golf champion of Jackson, Miss., and, on her way to her latest city title—her fifth in a row—shot a 68 and a 69. But during a casual 18 holes recently she hit a better shot than in either of those rounds. She was in the rough and hit a strong recovery, only to have it strike a tree and come straight back at her.

Mary Ann has the reflexes of a champion. She took a baseball-type swing at the ball, caught it just right and belted it all the way to the green.

Quick. Somebody send for an umpire.

NOTHING SENTIMENTAL ABOUT HIM

It is now 10 years since Roger Maris hit home run No. 61st, thereby breaking Babe Ruth's record of 60, so to speak. The fact of the accomplishment offended some Ruth lovers, and others were annoyed by Roger's less than graceful response to acclaim.

At 36, Maris has not changed, except for a bit of a paunch. With his wife Pat and their six children, Maris visited Payson Field in St. Petersburg last week and stood around watching

newly signed draftees of the Kansas City Royals and New York Mets work out before a game. He made it clear that he was there more to visit his old buddy, Whitney Herzog, director of player personnel for the Mets, than to renew his acquaintance with baseball. In recent months, he said, he has turned down "at least 50" media offers to reminisce about the 61.

A prospering beer distributor in Gainesville, he suggested, "If you come to see me in Gainesville we'll talk about beer or our kids or anything else you want to talk about but don't ask me about the 61 homers."

"Most people in baseball live in the past," he said. "You get around baseball men and all they want to talk about is the way they did this or that. I can't stand to listen to it."

There may be more baseball in his future, though. Of his four boys, three are in Little League.

THE FUTURE IS HERE

After only six years of existence, age-group track and field, which is a kind of Little League of running and jumping, has produced a flock of grade-school athletes who are better than those some high schools produce. Their accomplishments have been so stunning that already the Ryans and Liquoris can hear the patter of little feet racing up to take their places.

At the first annual national age-group championships, held simultaneously at Falls Church, Va., and Bakersfield, Calif., 7-year-old Mike Assumma of Rialto, Calif., proved he would have no trouble with the Army's desired six-minute mile for basic trainees. He covered the distance in 5:42.1. Gene Mirkin, an 8-year-old from Washington, D.C., did 5:40.8. Mike Assumma's older brother, Chuck, set a record for 10-year-olds of 5:07.3. Kevin Knox (Sl. May 3) of Wasco, Calif., who two years ago established a record for 9-year-olds, this time took more than 13 seconds off the previous

record for 11-year-olds by running the mile in 5:00.3.

At the same age, Paavo Nurmi of Finland ran 1,500 meters (.93 mile) in 5:03.

TWO OF A KIND

The two great casualties of horse racing's year, Hoist the Flag and Canonero II, still are stabled at Belmont but they'll be moving soon. In prospect for them are rest and rehabilitation—Hoist the Flag at Boxwood, the Virginia farm of his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Clark Jr., and Canonero wherever his new owner, Robert J. Kleberg Jr. of the King Ranch, wants to move him.

At Boxwood, where he spent his youth, the cast will be removed from Hoist the Flag's leg. On full recovery he will stand at stud, the location still to be decided.

As for Canonero, the \$1,200 nobody who was sold last week for \$1 million and other considerations, the swelling in his hock is subsiding, but his new trainer, W. J. (Buddy) Hirsch, says there is no chance that he can race again this year. For King Ranch, his chief value will be at stud.

YIELD

The traffic problem on golf courses, as on all other highways, has become acute. To solve it, Warren Godman, president



of the Baltimore Golf Association, proposes that golfers be required to have a license to play. They should be tested, says Godman, on links courtesy and sportsmanship after studying a manual on good manners. Those who fail their

continued



Steve McQueen.



The Porsche 917.

NOW STARRING TOGETHER IN "LeMANS"

Steve McQueen drives a Gulf-Porsche 917 in "Le Mans," the most authentic film ever made about the sport of professional car racing. Cameramen worked for months to develop techniques to capture the danger, excitement, and intensity of car racing. And the film features the world's fastest drivers and 25 of the world's fastest cars.

To salute the film's premiere in your city, a full-color McQueen/Le Mans poster will be available at participating service stations as a gift from Gulf, while they last.

Gulf has always had a great place in professional racing. In fact, so far this year Gulf-Porsche cars have placed first and second at Daytona, Monza, and Spa. See the movie. See Gulf for your poster.



GULF OIL COMPANY—U.S.

A collection of 14 black and white illustrations of Snoopy in various sports outfits and poses, arranged in a grid-like fashion. The illustrations show Snoopy in different athletic gear, including hats, jerseys, and shorts, engaged in various sports activities like playing tennis, basketball, and soccer. Some illustrations show him in a dynamic pose, while others show him in a more relaxed, standing pose. The background is plain white, and the illustrations are arranged in a roughly rectangular frame.

To order yours, simply complete the coupon below and send it with a check or money order or **CASH ON DELIVERY** (see illustration).

Box 46
Trenton, New Jersey 08607

Please send me that indefatigable dog in action. I have indicated the number of pins and/or t-shirts I want and am enclosing ☐ check ☐ money order for \$_____ (\$2.25 for each outfit).

name _____

address _____

Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.
Dorsey © United Feature Syndicate, Inc. 1973

	pin	tie- back		pin	tie- back
hockey	_____	_____	jogger	_____	_____
sher	_____	_____	skater	_____	_____
surfer	_____	_____	football	_____	_____
baseball	_____	_____	diver	_____	_____
tennis	_____	_____	bowler	_____	_____
roller	_____	_____	tax	_____	_____

SCORECARD *continued*

tests would be barred. The idea is to deny admission to those who tear up the fairways or needlessly hold up play.

The question arises: What charge can be placed against someone who fails his test but plays anyway?

Driving without a license.

VICTORY AT SEA

When a Reno foursome—Frank and Jackie Titus and Russell and Bette McDonald—arrived at Cozumel Island to do some fishing they discovered that they had run into an international blue-marlin tournament and that all the fishing boats were chartered.

But since they had no interest in marlin and just wanted to catch dolphin and barracuda and such, they happily settled for a Mexican sailing sloop equipped with only a small auxiliary engine. It worked fine and they caught plenty of dolphin and barracuda. At sunset, just as they were about to return to port, Frank Titus yelled that he had hooked a big one. He had, a blue marlin.

Without a fighting chair to help him play the fish and because the captain could not maneuver the sloop like a standard sport-fishing craft, Tius had a rough time with his prize. Twice he brought it to the boat and twice it went under the vessel and away.

But at dusk the fish was subdued permanently. The happy crew sailed into harbor with a Mexican sailor's blue denim shirt flying from the mast in lieu of a blue marlin pennant.

Blue marlin contestants flocked to the dock to find out what all the fuss was about. They found out. Titus had caught the only blue marlin of the day—a 145-pounder on 50-pound-test line.

DON'T STOP TO THINK, JACK

His deliberate style of play may shorten Jack Nicklaus' golf career, says Jimmy Demaret, three-time Masters winner.

"It took Nicklaus and Trevino over two hours and 15 minutes to play the last five holes of the Open," Demaret explained. "I thought Jack's slow play hurt him. His nerves, I mean."

"They say about other athletes that the legs go first. In golf it's the nerves that go first. And slow play is just daring your nerves. Especially standing over nits.

"Take Cary Middlecoff and Ralph Guldahl as two examples. Both were slow players. Cary won the Open twice and

many other titles, but all of a sudden, in his 30s, his nerves were gone. Gul-dahl won two Opens in succession, three straight Western Opens, then, zing, his nerves were gone.

"I'm afraid Jack's nerves will be gone by the time he's 35. Just the way he talks, it seems to be eatin' at him.

"Trevino, I believe, will be around a lot longer, although they're both the same age, 31. You didn't even see Lee sink that last putt in the U.S. Open. They couldn't get the camera around in time."

Nicklaus has suggested that the busy Trevino, who plays almost every week, might burn himself out, but Demaret disagrees. "I believe Trevino will be around much longer because he doesn't take so much time. Playing so many tournaments is not nearly so dangerous as standing over those putts."

PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

No longer will National Football League game officials be allowed to carry pistols with them from ball park to ball park to signal the ends of halves and games. The reason is that airline security men can't very well tell a ref's pistol from a hijacker's.

So now the home teams at NFL games will provide a pistol for the officials.

THIS TREE IS SAFE

As the sponsor of Minnesota Twin television and radio broadcasts, Midwest Federal Savings & Loan Association has put up an advertising sign in Metropolitan Stadium's right center field. If a batter should hit a money tree outlined on the sign, Midwest Federal says it will pay him \$20,000.

Two years ago Oakland's Reggie Jackson hit a ball that struck just below where the tree now is. That ball traveled 517 feet. A clout carrying at least 538 feet would be required to hit the tree.

Dr. Carl Poppe, physics professor at the University of Minnesota, has been doing some figuring. He estimates that the odds of hitting the tree for \$20,000 are 15 million to 1.

"Under controlled conditions," he says, "Reggie's chances would be 15,000 to 1. That is a little better than the odds of, say, Lee Trevino holing out from 200 yards." By controlled conditions he means a good fastball pitcher putting the ball right where a Reggie Jackson wants it.

Since the tree was put up, the man

who came closest to hitting it was Baltimore's Boog Powell, but he was some 60 feet short.

GENERATION GAP

Since 1948, when he began coaching the University of Minnesota baseball team, Dick Siebert has advised his players not to sign professional contracts before their eligibility expires unless the bonus being offered is generous. Under that policy he has lost several stars before graduation, but even so won three NCAA titles and eight Big Ten titles.

Siebert used to think that a \$30,000 bonus was good enough, but now he feels it should be twice that.

The other day his son Paul, a high school senior and pitcher, signed a pro contract with Houston for about \$40,000. The senior Siebert is miffed.

Well, when Dick Siebert signed on with the St. Louis Cardinals in 1929 it was for \$150 a month.

THEY SAID IT

• Dave McNally, Oriole pitcher and American Legion Baseball's Graduate of the Year, on how his mother encouraged him to play: "She always said, 'Have a good time; you'll be working the rest of your life.'"

• Jim (Mudcat) Grant, Pirate relief pitcher, on why he signs his autograph two different ways: "If there's a lot of people waitin', I make it Jim. If there's only a few, I sign it Mudcat."

• Stan Musial, on his statue in front of Busch Stadium: "It cost \$34,000 but it just doesn't look like me. I keep saying that one of these nights I'm going to get a few of my buddies and grab that thing and throw it in the river."

• Montreal Outfielder Clyde Mashore, on how to stop Willie Stargell, Pittsburgh slugger: "Buy a seat in the upper deck and play one of your outfielders there."

• Announcer Chris Schenkel, describing a tough closing hole at the U.S. Open: "Joyce Kilmer must have had this in mind when she wrote *Trees*."

• Stanley Spellman of Wagoner, Okla., after spending nine days adrift in the Atlantic: "I'll tell anybody, seaweed soup stinks."

• Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City basketball coach, on how to solve recruiting problems: "Just give every coach the same amount of money and tell him he can keep what's left over."

END

Stay wake-up fresh all day



With Old Spice Stick Deodorant. Fast ... dry ... hard-working protection that doesn't mess around. Use it in the morning ... protects you all day.

Keeneland presents
the world's finest
yearlings

KEENELAND

Summer Sale
July 14, 20

Keeneland Sales have produced
eight Kentucky Derby winners: Hoop Jr., Jet Pilot, Dark Star, Determine,
Venetian Way, Majestic Prince, Dust Commander, and Canomero II.
Post Office Box 1600, Lexington, Kentucky 40501 (606) 254-3413



If your child can't go to school,
maybe the school can come to her.

A child who gets ill, or has an accident, can miss weeks or months of school. Which may mean having to repeat the whole year.

Now there are special telephone systems to help children keep up with their studies, while they recover from their setbacks.

One system is called Tele-Class. And it's working in lots of places.

In Oakland, California, for example, all the child needs is a telephone, a headset, the right textbooks, and a specially trained teacher like Mrs. Molly Steele.

Mrs. Steele used to teach regular elementary school. But now she has a class of ten children. Some ill at home, some in the hospital.

Every day she inserts cards into a special telephone to dial her students. Once they are all on the line, class begins.

Not only can Mrs. Steele talk to the children, but they can talk among themselves. So they get a classroom atmosphere complete with discussions and question-and-answer sessions.

They also get 20 hours a week of education they probably would have missed before.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are continually looking for new ways to make the telephone serve you.

One way is to help a child who can't go to school, go to school.



FOR FAILURE TO GIVE HIS BEST...

Alex Johnson, baseball's troubled and troublesome batting champion, is suspended for indifference by the California Angels by **RON FIMRITE**

Fred Koenig, a large and friendly bald-headed man who has the bad luck to be employed as a coach for the California Angels, was sitting in a Chicago tavern last week, washing down another of his team's acrid defeats with a cold beer, when he was overtaken, as so many Angels are these days, by a compulsion to explain.

There is an endearing fragility to these explanations, all of which dangle helplessly from one of two prefaces: "I like Alex personally, but..." or, heard as often, "This thing has been blown out of all proportion..."

Koenig drew deeply from his glass, turned finally and, clearing his throat, began: "You know I like Alex personally, but..."

"Hey," interrupted the dapper sort on the next stool, "are you guys talking about Alex Johnson?"

"I like Alex personally," Koenig said, brushing aside the interruption, "but I despise him professionally."

"That Johnson is really something, isn't he?" the intruder persisted. "Now there's a personality. I think he's good for the game... Hey, where's your friend going? He's got my matches."

But Koenig had swiftly exited, escaping what obviously was shaping up as yet another Johnson imbroglio. It is unlikely that any Angel coach, player, front-office functionary or even casual fan would long sit still for such blasphemy, even from the mouth of an in-

nocent. In fact, if any of them were carrying a gun...

Alex Johnson (*see cover*) is the prime anti-hero in baseball's strangest play. He is at the core of a complex drama that has been only temporarily muted by his suspension last weekend "for failure to give his best efforts to the winning of games." If the suspension should last longer than 10 days, Johnson can appeal his case to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn.

Despite his tremendous ability—he was the 1970 American League batting champion—Johnson's absence will not be lamented by his teammates, many of whom had been wondering why it took Angel General Manager Dick Walsh so long to get around to suspending him. Johnson's slipshod play, which had torn his team apart and led to wild rumors and accusations, dates back to spring training in Arizona, where he was observed during one exhibition game positioning himself in the shadow of an outfield light standard. He followed the moving shadow throughout the long hot day, ignoring normal defensive alignments against the various hitters. Figuratively, he has been playing in the shade ever since.

It was not so much that Johnson was simply having an off year; it was that his non-efforts seemed so calculated. Singles hit to Johnson's field became doubles; runners freely took extra bases on him and he refused to run out ground

balls, although he was the fastest man on the team. These offenses, coupled with a consistently low batting average, did not sit well with his teammates.

"He showed management he was going to do things his way," said Outfielder Billy Cowan shortly before the suspension, "and he's still in the lineup. It looks like he has a point to prove, and he's proving it."

Now Alex Johnson is no longer in the lineup, and his point, whatever it was, may now be irrelevant. But the mystery of his behavior and the destructiveness of it persist.

"It's tragic," says Walsh, who had unsuccessfully tried to deal Johnson away before the June 15 trading deadline. "Here is a man with so much talent going to waste. And careers are so short in this field. Alex Johnson just isn't motivated by some of the things that motivate other people."

Motivation, let it be said, does not seem of the least concern to this moody, unpredictable man.

"I'm in baseball," he said, "because it is a healthy activity. It associates itself with creativity and is a source of refinement.... To put money above everything is wrong. You've got to put things in perspective. Baseball is not first. The individual is first. A lot of people forget that. A ballplayer is under contract for his ability on the field, not as a human being."

It is as if Johnson were groping for respect of a different kind, for an appreciation of the person, not the athlete. And in his groping he has developed a super-sensitivity to any slight, real or imagined.

"Last year when I won the batting championship on the last day, the guys shook my hand," he says. "But some guys didn't want me to win and they gave me the weakest handshakes I've ever felt."

Conspiracies spring up for Johnson like clover in an outfield. No area is immune. Take the batting cage.

"Batting practice is supposed to be for hitting. But on this club, guys don't pinch so you can hit. I'll stand up there

continued

Alone on the bench, Johnson broods while his teammates like batting practice. Somber Manager Phillips puzzles over a solution.



and say, 'Ball one, ball two, man on first, call the bullpen.' Then in the shower you hear those pitchers say, 'Hear what that Johnson was saying? Hear what that Johnson was saying?' On a good major league team pitchers would accept what I said so they could help the hitters. On other clubs I say, 'Ball one,' and the pitcher says, 'O.K., O.K., I'll get the ball over for you.'"

What other clubs? In fewer than eight seasons in the major leagues, Johnson has played for Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati and the Angels. Walsh nearly shipped him off to Milwaukee for Tommy Harper last month, but Harper, dormant most of the season, suddenly sprang to life and the transaction was called off. One general manager, says Walsh, seemed hurt by the suggestion that Johnson might be a valuable acquisition for his team.

"Gee," Walsh quoted him as saying, "I thought you were my friend."

Walsh has not entirely abandoned his quest. "There are always problem players," he says, "and there is always someone who feels he can handle them."

In the past, however, Johnson's prob-

lems seemed merely temperamental. He was uncommunicative and frequently sullen, although the "I-like-Alex-but" contingent has always said that he is amiable enough out of uniform. Neither Walsh nor Angel Manager Harold (Lefty) Phillips claim, for that matter, that Johnson is a problem anywhere but on the field. He is good with children, and his most recent notoriety seems even to have improved his disposition with outsiders. He was talking to newspapermen and radio and television broadcasters as never before, cheerfully granting interviews that, because of his elliptical rhetoric, invariably failed to reveal the source of his deep discontent. The trouble was locked within Alex Johnson, and there it remains.

"Ever get sick of a thing?" Johnson asked. "I mean sick, sick, sick? I mean really sick, sick, sick? That's the way it is with me and this club. I didn't consciously decide to do this [not hustle]. But things are just so disgusting, it drills on my mind, drills on my mind. It hurts to look back on a game like that, but I can't do it any other way. I'm not playing any part of the game up to par. I



Ball bounces by Johnson for extra base.

can't. I can't get my mind to want to play the game the way others do."

Black journalists have quoted Johnson as saying his troubles are racial, but Johnson, while not entirely disavowing the issue, is as vague in discussing it as he is with other topics. He is more inclined to blame the insensitivity of his teammates, the "dishonesty and hypocrisy" of Walsh and Phillips and, preeminently, Chico Ruiz, his teammate, former friend and the godfather of his adopted daughter.

"He is the cause of dissension," Johnson says of the utility infielder who seems generally popular with the other Angels. "He keeps trying things against me. . . . I never knew a man to be so determined in a negative way. . . ."

Johnson touched off the biggest brouhaha on this truly star-crossed team when he accused Ruiz of menacing him with a pistol in the Angel clubhouse during a game with Washington on June 13.

"We had both been pinch hitters," Johnson said. "The game was still on, but I was done, so I showered. I had my street clothes on. Ruiz was in the clubhouse, too. He was rattling something, making a noise, so I looked up. What he was doing was tapping his gun on a chair. I looked up and he pulled the gun out of its holster. He did it one time last year and was more jovial about it. This time he was not jovial."

"It did not happen and I can swear to it on a Bible with both hands, with my whole body—even sit on it," says the embattled Ruiz.

There were no witnesses to the al-



Momentarily motivated, Johnson leaps high against Milwaukee to take away a sure NL.

leged incident, and a club investigation has failed to establish the facts. But it did lead to some murmurings about armed Angels and at excited believers among them as well as nonbelievers.

"This thing has been blown out of all proportion," said Jim Fregosi, shortstop, team leader and nonbeliever. "I've never seen a gun or anything you would consider a weapon in the clubhouse."

But there had been guns, as well there might be on a team owned by Gene Autry. The old movie cowboy himself had been known to tote a six-shooter or two into the locker room. Only last year he gave one of his pistols to Pitcher Eddie Fisher.

"It's one of my prized possessions," said Fisher, a gun collector. "He used it in one of his movies. I own about 65 guns and I've kept them in my lockers for the past five or six years. Most of them are antiques. I've even had Tony Conigliaro's shotgun in my locker. But all of this has nothing to do with violence. And I'll tell you one thing, I don't have any guns there now. Not after all this."

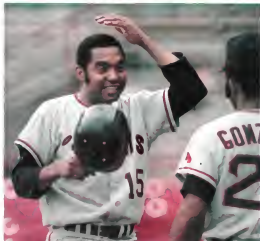
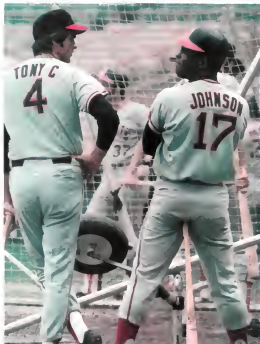
The gun stories have made the Angels the butt of some predictably bad jokes. A bellman carrying a player's suitcase felt obliged to quip, "I better not drop this, it might go off." A sign above a hotel cigar stand read, "Please check your guns here." Opposing ballplayers, enjoying a bench jockey's field day with the hapless team, inquire whether the Angels would prefer to take batting or target practice.

The Angels themselves have converted this potential serious situation into a running gag. They will stalk each other in the clubhouse in mock shootouts or leap upon unwary newsmen in make-believe death struggles. A full-blown pregame riot seemed well under way in the outfield among various Angels in Milwaukee last week. It was strictly for big laughs.

There was, however, nothing remotely funny about Johnson's curious rebellion. His mockery of the game cut his fellow players doubly deep. In a world of performance, to refuse to perform seemed to make fools of those who did, seemed to make nonsense out of the pure patterns of the game they played. The most

continued

A friend and a foe: Tony Conigliaro has viewed Johnson with sympathy, but Chico Ruiz (18) has taken (strictly verbal) shots at him.





strenuous exercise Johnson permitted himself at the ball park was putting on his uniform. He did not take outfield practice before games, and his actions in games approached parody. Occasionally, as in last week's doubleheader at Milwaukee, he would give tantalizing flashes of his old brilliance, running at full speed or leaping against a fence for a fly ball. But these brief episodes were followed by long stretches of inertia.

At best, Johnson was barely adequate as an outfielder, and his defenders used this deficiency to excuse his shoddy showing in the field. But he was making plays that would shame a Little Leaguer.

Two days before his suspension, in a game against the Brewers, Johnson broke late on a line drive to left field that bounced by him for a double, igniting a five-run Milwaukee fourth inning. In the seventh, with Harper on first, Gus Gil hit a ground single to left which Johnson failed to charge. Harper raced all the way to third base, from where he eventually scored on an infield hit. Not even base runners of Harper's acknowledged speed can expect to advance routinely from first to third on balls hit to left field.

Johnson also did himself no favors at bat. Leading off the ninth, he slapped a hard ground ball up the center of the diamond that Milwaukee Shortstop Ted Kubiak fielded off balance. Normally, an excellent throw would have been required to catch a runner as swift as Johnson moving at full speed. But excellence was hardly necessary since Johnson never reached the vicinity of first base, jogging barely two-thirds of the distance down the line before sauntering off into the dugout. Phillips benched him the next night in Chicago, and Walsh flew in from California.

Walsh, who acquired Johnson in a trade with Cincinnati, admitted he had tried unsuccessfully to persuade him to perform up to his capabilities. The suspension is testimony to the failure of those powers of persuasion.

Phillips, who had been the man in the middle throughout the long ordeal, is now at least temporarily relieved of his burden. But for how long? Five times during the season Phillips benched John-

son, only to be overruled, apparently from on high. And throughout his travail, Phillips found it hard to believe that anyone of Johnson's exceptional skills would willingly play so far beneath himself.

Lefty Phillips is a near-perfect victim. He has the face for it—a long, sad-eyed countenance on which the skin hangs in loose folds like a hound's. He has the disconcerting habit of speaking with his mouth full of either tobacco or an unlit cigar, both of which he chews forcefully. These are the mannerisms that have made him vulnerable to all sorts of clubhouse mimics.

Phillips was never a major league player. He turned to scouting after a sore arm cut short his career while he was still in the low minors. But for all of his down-home personality, he is an apt student of baseball. He was an excellent pitching coach for the Dodgers, and three years ago he was made the Angels' director of player personnel. In May of 1969 he succeeded Bill Rigney as the team's manager. The next year he piloted the Angels to an 86-76 won-loss record, equalling their best season. Now in 1971 he seems cruelly destined to lead them to one of their worst—just when they looked like pennant contenders.

The Angels have not been hitting. Some of their stars—notably Fregosi and Conigliaro—have been playing with injuries, and lesser lights have fallen prey to some unusual accidents. Pitcher Rudy May hurt his arm after he tripped over his dog, and Pitcher Andy Messersmith survived a 90-mile-an-hour auto collision. But Phillips is convinced that Johnson is the villain of the piece.

"I came up in this game the hard way," he said recently from behind his cigar. "I can understand if a man plays bad when he has no ability, but this fellow has great ability, super ability. There's always been players who couldn't get along with their teammates. Cobb was one, and Tinker and Evers almost never talked to each other. The difference was, they played good. This fellow won't even try. And that's not just bad for us, it's bad for baseball."

This last is a recurring theme: by refusing to play as well as he is capable, Johnson was not only hurting his team, but attacking the game's basic ethic.

"I wouldn't take a kid of mine to see Johnson play," said Fisher, echoing sen-

timent popular among the Angels. "A kid seeing him play might say, 'So that's how they do it in the major leagues.' Well, that's not how they do it in the major leagues. I've never been on a team where the players didn't give 100%. That thing just leaves you disgusted. Finally you end by compromising the things you really believe in. That's the hard part. This man is the most unusual ballplayer I've run into in 14 years in the game. Every man on the team has tried to reach him. None of it has worked."

"What do you see when you see a person walking down the street like this?" said Conigliaro, hunching his shoulders in a poor imitation of a Lon Chaney creation. "You know that person is sick, right? That's how I feel about Alex. He's got a problem deep inside him that he won't talk about. He's so hurt inside, it's terrifying. He's a great guy off the field. On the field, there's something eating away at him."

Johnson seems convinced "there are those who want to see me break down. I'm not close to breaking down. Probably 99% of human beings would be. Not me. And that frustrates them even more."

He is playing his own game now, but it isn't baseball. Despite his protests to the contrary, there is a possibility that Johnson simply has lost his taste for the sport. He hinted as much the other day in what amounted to a parable. "When I was about 13 or 14," he said, "I kept hearing about pizza. I didn't know what it was. I thought they were saying, 'piece of,' like 'piece of pie.' One day I went into a place and ordered the biggest pizza there. I ate and ate and then left and got sick. It wasn't what I had expected. I had expected a sweet taste."

On the team bus carrying the Angels to yet another defeat, Pitcher Jim Maloney sat contemplating the humming Chicago traffic. "Alex Johnson," he said, just trying the name out. "Alex Johnson. Now that's not a difficult name, not a name like Yastrzemski or something like that." Maloney seemed only to something. "You know, it's really just a simple name."

Just a simple name for a complex and troubled man whom no one, Alex Johnson least of all, can quite understand.

Maloney probably appreciated the irony of that.

AND

Still popular with kids and happy to oblige, Alex signs autographs before suspension.



FIRSTEST, FASTEST AND MOSTEST

It seemed that never had so many been so speedy as at the national track and field championships in Eugene, Ore.; some with the wind at their backs, others on their own steam **by PAT PUTNAM and SKIP MYSLLENSKI**

First, in two breathtaking bursts of speed, came Rodney Milburn and Dr. Delano Merrwether, setting world records, one legal, the other disallowed because the wind was blowing too hard in the right direction at the wrong time. Milburn, 21, is greatly talented, greatly ignored, a cool dude in muttonchop side whiskers with a hurt inside because people do not talk about him when they talk about high hurdlers. But no more. Looking only to qualify in the semi-finals of his event in the national AAU track and field championships in Eu-

gene, Ore., the Southern University junior-to-be flowed over 120 yards in 13 flat, knocking 2/10ths of a second off track's longest-standing world record, one which was held by six famed hurdlers and first set by Martin Lauer of West Germany in 1959.

"Before, when they hear of Milburn they don't know who it is," he said after winning the final in 13.1 "Everybody will wonder where I came from, but I've been around. Like there's a part in the Bible. It explains that all that's happening now happened before."

Almost Nowhere in the Bible is it writ that a man ran 100 yards in nine flat, even aided by a 6.2 mph wind. (The legal limit is 4.473 mph.) But bursting out of the blocks in last Friday's final came not-so-young Dr. Merrwether, the lanky leukemia specialist, his buttocks tightly encased in gold nylon swim trunks, gold-and-white suspenders over his hospital shirt, at 28 probing the improbable.

After he had become the second man in history to run nine flat (John Carlos was the other, and he had an aiding wind of 15.6 mph), the doctor said, yes,



Red Milburn flew by Willie Devanport to set a world record in 120 yds (left), while Dr. Del Meriwether, mouth agape, nipped Jim Green and Don Quarrie in a windy 8 flat, tying fastest time for 100.



winning was nice, but his family is moving from Baltimore to Boston and how in the world was he going to ship his large collection of tropical fish without losing a few? "I've heard some comments on the fact that I'm not elated enough over my times," Dr. Meriwether continued, "but I know, and all the other runners know, that I just as easily could have torn a muscle. I've done it three times this year. Time is nice, but the competition is the thing. Today was a lot of fun. Next time I could just as easily finish seventh."

The dramatic tempo of the meet was established, and hardly had the crowd screamed itself hoarse at one astonishing performance when it was rising to its feet to scream at another. Steve Prefontaine of the University of Oregon gave the home folks a treat when he ran three miles in 12:58.6, less than nine seconds off Ron Clarke's world record and only

continued

the second sub-13-minute three mile in five years. The next five finishers did 13:07 or better. "Three years ago you could hardly find a 13:07 three-miler in the country," said Prefontaine, shaking his head. "Now you run that, and all you get is sixth place. Things just keep getting tougher and tougher."

Then on Saturday, Ralph Mann picked up the opening day's pace, winning the intermediate hurdles in 49.3, which was what the world record had been until he broke it last year with a 48.8. "The last time I did something like this," he said, "those 440 guys came behind me and spoiled everything. Curtis Mills set a world record. One minute everybody was talking to me, and the next I was alone. Hey, where's everybody going? Oh, Lord, they've done it to me again."

They sure had. John Smith churned out of the final turn with UCLA teammate Wayne Collett, turned on his burner and blasted through the tape in 44.5, which was 2/10ths under Mills' record. Collett came in second in 44.7.

Smith knew the time was fast, but not how fast. When the crowd continued to roar, his hopes rose. "And then I heard the public address guy say it was a record," he said. "Man, I felt great. When Wayne and I got up this morning we felt like it was a world-record day for one of us. Funny, all Friday, I couldn't get awake. But when I went to bed I couldn't get to sleep. From 10 to 10 I stared at the ceiling. Wayne couldn't sleep either. When we came to the field we decided we'd both go for broke. And if we tied up, well, it would just have been the wrong decision."

More was to come. Marty Liquori ran a 3:56.5 mile but, like Mann's performance, it went relatively unnoticed as Sid Sink won the steeplechase in an American record 8:26.4, more than four seconds better than George Young's old mark.

Young was supposed to go in the three mile, but due to a max-out he did not get an invitation until two days before the meet, and decided it was too late to compete, although at least one of his opponents expected him to turn up.

"I'm still not counting him out of the race," Prefontaine said. "These old veterans are crafty and have read a lot of books. I read one where Herb Elliott said he wasn't going to run in a mile. Then he warmed up on another field,

showed up in his street clothes and at the last second changed to his track suit. It blew everybody's mind. So until the race starts and Young isn't in it, I'm not counting him out."

With a best of 13:01.6 this year, Prefontaine was the favorite in a field including Frank Shorter, Gerry Lindgren and Steve Stageberg. "I wish I could psych up," he said gloomily. "I thought I'd be all jumpy, and here I am totally calm. It's unreal. And I hope some guy gets out and shares the pace. If I have to bust my hump by myself for 12 laps, I don't know what will happen."

For his part, Shorter was in a daze. "This is the kind of nervousness you only go through two or three times a year," he said. "It's something you can't control. It sort of creeps up on you. You know you've oriented your life toward this kind of moment, and you wait for it to happen."

Shorter had run well in the Drake Relays, but, as he said, "I haven't done anything since. I don't know what I can do, I'm in limbo. Maybe it's because I'm apprehensive about running against Prefontaine in his home town. Also, my sense of fair play is coming in. If he goes out, should I try and share the lead with him? Or should I lay back and leech off him? Then I think, I've run most of my races in front, so why not? I'm primed to go, but it's like when you step on the gas. It either goes cha-clunk, cha-clunk, cha-clunk or it goes off like a 427 vette. What kind of race is this for me anyway? Here's Prefontaine. They say he has the best cardiovascular system in the sport. And that other guy, Steve Stageberg. They say he's got the highest oxygen intake system. What am I? Just the world's fastest ectomorph."

Stageberg was one of the 5,000-meter sensations of 1968, but he found he could not run at altitude and finished fifth in the Olympic trials. He went back to Georgetown University, ran into a dispute between the track team and the coach and, disgusted, hung up his spikes. He made several halfhearted attempts at a comeback, but he did not get serious until this year. One day, Frank Ruenzo, the current Georgetown coach, called and said he was entered to run two days later in the Penn Relays. "Wait," said Stageberg. "I haven't done any work." Ruenzo told him he would have to get his feet wet sooner or later.

For the next two nights Stageberg worked out, and he won the Penn Relays three mile in 13:52.4.

In four races he got his time down to 13:15.8, and with hardly any training. He runs 85 miles a week; Prefontaine and Shorter do from 125 to 150.

Stageberg says he is destined to be great. "I was reading some old clippings from before the 1968 trials," he said. "How I said I'd never train for the 1972 Olympics. I had to laugh. Why did I come back? First, I have a God-given talent. If I don't develop it, I guess I think it would be a sin. It's like in the Bible, the parable of the talents. If you bury them you are damned. Second, I'm still improving, and I'm intrigued to see how much my body can take. I believe I'm divinely blessed. My success, it's not rational. I've dropped 20 to 30 seconds every time I've run. For lack of a better word, it's irrational, or rationally inexplicable. Is it mystical? Well, in some ways, but not like they use the word

Smith surpassed the world record in the 800.



today, not as part of the new culture. My belief is reactionary compared to that. I believe in miracles. God *does* grant miracles. God *does* have a divine plan for some people. Running is God's divine plan for me. There is a guardian angel making my steps lighter. No, the more I think about it the more I don't like the word mystical. I have a conventional belief in miracles. If I win the race, I'll just say, 'See, that's it.' "

And there was Gerry Lindgren. As a skinny little high school runner he had been a wonder, but he developed a bad case of pessimism and a bad case of ulcers, and he fell out of sight.

"It's all in having a positive mental attitude," said Lindgren, still little, still skinny, but now 25 and a distributor for a cosmetic firm owned by Glenn W. Turner, the Orlando, Fla. millionaire with the DARE to BE GREAT motto. "In high school I had a coach with a great positive attitude," Lindgren said. "It rubbed off on me. But in college I began to associate with people with negative attitudes. Within a year and a half, I developed an ulcer. A doozie. I almost died from it. You know, you are who you associate with. My past trouble in track was because I associated with people who had bad attitudes. But now I only associate with those with positive outlooks. I see no end to where this can take me. Take this three-mile race—a great cardiovascular and a great oxygen maker—why, you could pick out anyone and tell him for some strange, esoteric reason he had been chosen to run a fast three mile and, well, even if he had trouble walking, he could go out and do it. If he believed it. The mind is that strong. Take me. All I am is a little runt who can run."

"All those things are fine," said Prefontaine. "I have a positive mental attitude, and I think I'm divine, but I also think it takes a heck of a lot of blood, sweat and tears."

And so on that note, they called the three-mile field. Then they sent it back. The meet was running close to an hour late. Prefontaine took Lindgren into the Oregon dressing room to warm up.

"And what does Gerry do?" said Prefontaine, shaking his head. "He tries to sell me a cosmetic distributorship. Here's the big race coming up and he's making a sales pitch."

Finally the race began, and soon Shorter and Prefontaine were sharing

the pace. Lindgren took it for three laps, then fell back to seventh. "A tactical mistake I never recovered from," he would say later.

"With a half mile left I knew I didn't want to win badly enough," said Shorter. "Sometimes it happens. I don't know why. Then you lose your concentration and it's all over."

Still, Shorter hung in second, splitting Prefontaine and Stageberg, until there were but two laps left. "I wonder what they are up to?" Stageberg was thinking. "Are they colluding against everyone? Maybe they're going to slow down, then surge, then slow down, then surge, trying to break away. I don't like this." If it had been a slow pace, Stageberg had intended to make his big move at the 2¼-mile mark. The pace was not slow. The leader did the first two miles in 8:42. "Well," Stageberg said. "So much for that. Another plan goes by the boards."

On the 11th backstretch, he decided Shorter was losing ground and he moved up into second. Prefontaine looked around. "He's surprised to see me," Stageberg thought happily.

"I was," said Prefontaine later. "There were still 660 yards to go. I didn't expect anybody to move on me that soon. I thought, 'I've come too far.' "

On the last lap they began to sprint. "He can run 58," thought Stageberg. "I wonder what I can do?" Then the crowd noise swept over him. "It was a din, a deafening din," he said. "Hey," I thought. 'What a feeling!' Then I realized I was tiring, and from 220 out I knew I couldn't win. Then that din again. I started looking for the tape. 'Come tape, where are you?' I thought."

With 100 yards left, Prefontaine looked back, saw Stageberg struggling and slowed to win in 12:58.6, the fifth fastest three mile ever run. Stageberg crossed in 13:00.3, with Shorter (13:02.3), who won the six mile the next day, and Lindgren (13:04.3) a few steps back. Almost abreast of Lindgren came Mario Perez in the same time.

A few minutes later, Prefontaine was asking Bill Bowerman, his coach at Oregon, if he could run in Saturday's mile.

Bowerman fixed him with a steady stare. "I think you have proved a point," he said.

"That means 'no,'" Prefontaine explained later. "But I feel so strong. The longer the race went, the stronger I felt.

My last mile was 4:16. I really think I can take my time down before the summer is out. Say, can you believe that Milburn? Thirteen seconds? Wow!"

The question was the same one Milburn—who also won the NAIA and the NCAA college division hurdles—had been posing for months. "Now that I've got the world record," he said, "maybe they'll believe in me. Funny, I don't feel like a world record holder. I mean, I have this thing about a big head. I figure when a guy gets cocky, he's going the wrong way. I wasn't peering here. The only thing that's got me shaking is the Olympics. But I'm running so well now, next year the bubble could burst. That's why I'm trying to be cool now. I'm hoping that nothing happens. People start that jive about 'Where's Milburn, man? What ever happened to Milburn?' I don't need that jive. I know what I am, and that's what I'll always be: a guy with a don't-care expression who inside really cares."

END

Prefontaine ran sub-13-minute three mile.



A CAN-DO SCOT IN THE CAN-AM

By beating the McLarens, Jackie Stewart fanned the competitive embers of a rich but too predictable sports car series **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Road racing is the most surrealist of sports and road-racing fans the most easily pleased of the sporting breed. Unable to see more than a brief, blurred fraction of any race, they take their delight in sunshine and loud noises, summery zephyrs and skittery glimpses of sports cars weaving through the trees. A snatch of birdsong sandwiched between the snarling kaleidoscope of passing machinery is far more memorable than lap times or final results. After all, one can read the mere facts in tomorrow's newspaper. Thus, ironically, competition grows less important to road racing even as the cars themselves grow bigger, faster and more bizarre. Witness the Canadian-American Challenge Cup Series—Can-Am to its friends and followers on both sides of the border.

Now beginning its sixth season, Can-Am has traditionally been a two-man, one-team show. Except for its first year, 1966, when Britain's John Surtees won three of six races—and the championship—in a Lola-Chevrolet, the series has been dominated by the New Zealand overlords of Team McLaren. The beamy, orange McLaren "batmobiles" had won 30 of the 40 races run up to last week. For most of that period it was the Bruce and Denny Show, with Designer-Driver Bruce McLaren and his fellow New Zealander, Denis Hulme, alternating victories against a flaccid field. Team McLaren always came prepared, and that readiness paid off handsomely: a total of \$902,576 in prize money, plus a reputation for sound design and steady driving. Hulme collected \$464,396 of the total and McLaren \$315,780.

When Bruce died last year, testing a new McLaren at Goodwood, England, the team briefly added Dan Gurney as the No. 2 driver to Hulme, but a contract hang-up ended the relationship after Gurney had won two races and finished ninth in another. Peter Gethin filled in the rest of the season, winning once while Hulme was victorious in six of the 10 events on the schedule. Only six non-McLaren team drivers have ever

won a Can-Am: Surtees (four), Mark Donohue (two), Gurney, Phil Hill, John Cannon and Tony Dean one each.

Despite the competitive vacuum, Can-Am has held onto its biggest sponsor, Johnson Wax, and over the last two seasons has drawn nearly a million paying customers to racetracks as disparate and distant as Watkins Glen, N.Y. and Edmonton, Alberta; Laguna Seca, Calif. and St. Jovite, Quebec. This season's opener at Mosport, Ontario attracted nearly 50,000 fans, the biggest Can-Am crowd ever to watch a race at that rather drab circuit. If Can-Am has been a success thus far, and surely it has in terms of crowds and payoffs—\$1 million in prize money the last two years—then the future looks infinitely brighter because, finally, competition has come to the series.

It takes two forms. First, and by far the most crowd-pleasing, is the presence of Jackie Stewart, the long-haired, lead-foot Scotsman of Grand Prix fame who, not coincidentally, is also the world's foremost booster of road racing. The second is something—can it really be a car?—called The Shadow.

Stewart himself is driving a tidy new Lola powered by a 494-cu.-in. Chevrolet engine and designed by the modest, whey-faced but brilliant Englishman, Eric Broadley. It is owned by Carl A. Haas of Chicago, sponsored by L&M cigarettes and watched keenly by hordes of underdog fanciers, both Canadian and American. At Mosport, Jackie sat on the pole with a speed of 114.52 mph and actually led Hulme for a few laps before a leaking differential dropped him out of the race.

"It takes a while to get fully competitive," said Jackie last week at St. Jovite as he readied himself and the car for the season's second race. "I reckon we'll not really become a threat over the distance until Road Atlanta on July 11, but meanwhile we're keeping the others honest. After all, there are only three or four truly competitive cars."

Two of those machines, of course, are



Stewart shrewdly utilized a traffic jam...



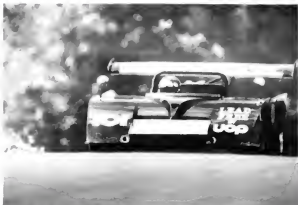
...to pass Team McLaren's Denis Hulme.

the McLaren M8T driven by Hulme and his new teammate, Peter Revson. The third is Stewart's own Lola. And that somewhat tentative fourth—well, The Shadow knows. Listed officially as the Shadow M11-465 Chevrolet, this machine is the direct descendant of last year's T1-22, an ultra-lightweight titanium car with the lowest profile and truest wheels in racing. It was designed by Peter Bryant, an eccentric and innovative Briton who once served as a mechanic for Carroll Shelby.

"The Shadow is something out of science fiction," says one Can-Am veteran. "When it goes past, you think the pavement is moving." This is because The Shadow is asphalt-black and flatter than most of the St. Jovite road surface. With its drooping, wedge-shaped nose nearly touching the ground and its broad, steeply angled rear airfoil pointing the way toward Mont Tremblant, The Shadow resembles a flying chunk of roadway. During this same race last year, its predecessor went airborne over a hump-backed ridge on the back reaches of the course, executed a nifty double gainer and deposited Driver Jackie Oliver amid the wreckage nearly a quarter of a mile down the road. "I'm still a bit tweaked about that one," Oliver admits.

Practice last week was marred by rain, high winds and an onslaught of Quebec's justly infamous black flies, but Saturday's qualifying brought perfect Laurentian weather. Stewart had spent part of the previous evening playing shuffleboard and bumper pool with his boss, Haas. The Chicagoan, who is also the North American distributor for Lola cars, is an intense, witty, highly competitive cigar chomper. When Stewart whipped him, Carl swallowed his pride and chewed his cigar even more savagely; he knew he had employed a winner. On qualifying morning, however, Stewart leveled his competitiveness on Denny Hulme. He beat "The Bear" at golf, but that didn't necessarily mean he could beat him on the track. Jackie stood to go \$250 up on Denny if he could nip him for the pole; the fastest qualifier would get \$2,600, the No. 2 man \$2,350.

Denny rolled out first, running in the same three-car qualifying group as Jackie Oliver in The Shadow and Chuck Parsons in a McLaren M8D. Oliver had turned practice times as quick as Stewart's, while Hulme had not even tried



Mystery car of the race was Oliver's asphalt-black Shadow, which resembled flying pavement

the track before qualifying day. Progressively paring his lap times during four turns of the hilly, 14-cornered circuit, Hulme whipped off a final lap of 102.58 mph—nice, but still short of Bruce McLaren's record of 104.03 set back in 1969. Oliver had to settle for fifth spot on the starting grid, having been delayed behind Parsons, who left the course during one of his laps and held back on the remainder, blocking The Shadow as a consequence.

Stewart went out full of confidence half an hour later, and anyone who thinks there is a feud huddling between Hulme and Stewart, as has been suggested, has not seen them encourage one another at the racecourse. Denny was watching intensely as Stewart made the rounds. On an early lap Jackie went airborne, then backed off the accelerator. "I saw places I hadn't seen before," he allowed later. "Yeah, I hacked off a bit—as a matter of fact, all the way around." Denny had won the pole with three-tenths of a second to spare.

For a while Sunday's race was just another ho-Hulme thing, like so many have been in the series. Not that there weren't visual and auditory pleasures. A quartet of sky divers descended in paracolored chutes from a crisp mackerel heave-on, and Gallie, chansons and hard rock blared from the loudspeakers, but the race itself seemed typical Can-Am.

Hulme leaped off the green flag to a four-second lead, with Stewart hanging tough but just a touch squiggly behind him. Revson, in the second Team McLaren car, held a weak third. The Shadow lay fourth, but Jackie Oliver had confessed to clutch problems just before the start, and these—coupled with vapor lock—knocked him out of the race well before the three-quarter mark.

Then came the shocker. Taking advantage of a six-car traffic jam that blocked Hulme momentarily with 23 laps to go, Stewart closed the gap, snaked his way past Denny on the backstretch and then smoked it like an L&M. Shortly afterward, Denny began flugging his pit crew, lifting the visor of his helmet as if for air and pouncing to his throat. He may have come down with a touch of the 24-hour virus that had plagued Team McLaren all week long—and at the worst possible moment. Stewart extended his lead to nearly a minute in the remaining half hour of the race and took the checkered flag running strong and confident.

"The car isn't handling the way it could—and finally will," said Stewart. "Still, it's a win, and therefore good, not just for me but for the Can-Am as well." Teddy Mayer, the McLaren team manager, generously agreed. "I am glad Stewart's here," he said. "It was getting to be a little bit boring." **END**

THE JOCKEY WAS A LADY

An early-morning fog rolls over the racetrack and creeps around the barns as a pretty pigtailed girl in jeans gets ready to gallop her horse before the sun is up. Somewhere a bird chirps, and you would swear it was 'National Velvet.' The girl's name is Susan or Penny or Chris, and she is one of hundreds of young women, some of whom are shown on the opposite and succeeding pages, who work every day at thoroughbred tracks—and, sometimes, ride down homestretches in jockey silks. She isn't old enough to remember Elizabeth Taylor's 1945 Hollywood version of her life, but her numbers are increasing year by year, and she is touted by many trainers as "better than a man" in grooming horses, cleaning tack, walking hots or galloping. Sometimes she worries her trainer by being, or wanting to be, a jockey—the few who have tried have had sparing success so far—but mostly she is content to ready her horse for a race. "The biggest things she has going for her," says Trainer E. Barry Ryan, "are patience and a genuine fondness for the horse most men just don't have."

Susan Morgan (top), an English girl who handles horses in morning work, has been riding since she was 7.

Jockey Robyn Smith gave up a Hollywood contract to ride. Now she says, "I haven't time for anything else."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE





Penny Ann Early, a pioneer girl jockey, says, "I'm good as some men and better than others."



Irene Osterlund worked horses in Sweden before becoming a race rider in the U.S. last year.

Romona Gurraneau grew up around horses, is an exercise "boy," hopes to become a trainer.





College student Chris Stone (left) does not ride herself but fills in as a groom and hat-walker.

Sheila Maloney, daughter of Trainer Jim Maloney, works at breaking yearlings in the saddle.



Sue Graham and her husband, now in Vietnam, both work horses. She'd like to be a jockey.



College graduate Chris Melhorn (right) exercises horses but plans to go to veterinary school.



JOCKEY

camera 11



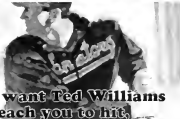
Goal grabber.

Not all 35mm reflex cameras let you move fast enough to catch the action. When you look away to adjust the camera, you miss a great shot. A Minolta SR-T 101 lets you frame, focus, adjust exposure and shoot without looking away from thefinder. So if anyone misses the shot, it will be the goalie.

Minolta SR-T 101, from about \$360. The Minolta SR-T 100, about \$280. Look for an "M" tag attached to Minolta SR cameras. It covers you of a 3-year warranty, according to the terms of the U.S.A. warranty registration packed with the camera.

Minolta

For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.O.



**If you'd want Ted Williams
to teach you to hit,**

**you'll want Cessna
to teach you to fly.**

It is natural to want to learn from a leader. Now, Cessna, the world leader in personal flying, introduces a brand new program that brings flight training down to its simplest form. Makes it easier for everyone to learn to fly. At a Cessna Pilot Center, you will

learn from one of the world's finest instructors, from a planned curriculum and in the world's best trainer, the Cessna 150.

For the name of your nearest Cessna Pilot Center, plus free Learn to Fly kit, write Department BB/SI, Cessna Aircraft Company, Wichita, Kansas 67201.



\$500

This coupon and \$500 cash will reduce your tuition from the leader of any Cessna Pilot Center.

Cessna
Whenever you're ready

Cinder Clark knows her rode jumper is at 2, nava bat-tracker before gaudy horse in workouts.

THE BUCKEYES DON'T HAVE IT

Five members of Ohio State's Rose Bowl team went high in the pro football draft but, claims their agent, the clubs' offers have been so ridiculously low that only one player has signed **by MORTON SHARNIK**

A few weeks ago Tim Anderson, who played defensive halfback for Ohio State last year and was San Francisco's No. 1 pick in the college draft, became so depressed by the 49ers' refusal to negotiate on his contract that he sent a telegram to the club (with a copy to NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, among other pertinent correspondence) asking to be released so that he might negotiate with other teams.

At about the same time, his Ohio State teammate, Tight End Jan White, a second-round pick, was calling negotiations with the Buffalo Bills "a bad scene, the worst experience I've ever had." White says he may chuck pro football and go for a master's in criminology.

Anderson and White are not alone in their discontent. For example, Steve

Worster, the Texas All-America who was the Rams' fourth-round choice, said he was "disgusted" with the way his negotiations were going and signed with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League. Los Angeles' No. 1 pick, Isiah Robertson, the black Dick Butkus from Southern University, complained he was being treated like a free agent but signed anyway. He had little choice. Archie Manning, who is still unsigned, called the New Orleans offer "insulting."

Although the training camps are opening this month, 13 of the 26 first-round picks were unsigned as of June 15. (By that date last year, five out of 26 hadn't signed, as best as can be determined.) And while Congress ponders the question of pro basketball's merger, a great

many prospective pro football rookies and their agents are up in arms about the effects of the pro football merger.

Tony Razzano, of Dayton, who has incorporated himself as United Pro Athletes, Inc., is perhaps the most clamorous. For the past six years Razzano was a full-time scout for San Diego and Washington. Now he is an agent who represents, among others, Anderson, White and three of their Ohio State teammates, Running Backs John Brockington and Leo Hayden and Defensive Back Jack Tatum, all first-round choices. As of last week only Brockington, who was drafted by Green Bay, had signed.

"Oh, I know what they're doing, indeed I do," says Razzano. "The teams are playing the old waiting game, giving us the Chinese torture treatment. I



know it well—I did it myself—but never have they been so tough. The clubs are waiting and sitting, sitting and waiting until the kids are pushed to the brink of panic. Then, in desperation, the kids will sign. And why not? It's now a one-way street and the clubs own it. They've got it all their own way."

The one-way street has been the route ever since the merger, and without the stimulus of the AFL-NFL rivalry the prices for football talent have been dropping steadily. This year they've plummeted. Presumably, the clubs' offers reflect the state of the economy. However, there is good reason to believe that they also reflect a desire by the teams to discredit agents, to eliminate the need to a deal with a third (sometimes preposterous, often shrewd, always difficult) party. "There were only three or four agents a few years ago," grumbles Gil Brandt, vice-president in charge of personnel for the Dallas Cowboys. "Now there are 150. They get the kids in the summer, just like in basketball, and give them money and cars and big promises. One of our drafties, not even in the top three rounds, his agent bought him a Lin-

coln Continental and promised him a no-cut contract. We don't even give our No. 1 choices no-cut contracts."

Razzano, who makes no promises himself, thinks the clubs are using the agent issue as an excuse for penny-pinching. "The money the teams throw around during the football war was unreal," he says. "Now the prices are ridiculous—but the other way."

To support his charge, Razzano cites the contracts given to last year's high-draft choices. One No. 1 choice, a defensive player like Anderson, got a \$50,000 bonus and a five-year contract with a starting salary of \$26,000 a year and annual \$4,000 increases. By contrast, Anderson was offered a \$20,000 bonus and a three-year contract, which starts at \$17,500 and goes up by \$2,500 a year. Basically, it's an \$80,000 contract that ties up Anderson for four years (the option clause adding an extra year), which is close to the life-span of the average pro. The club calls it a \$144,500 contract. The \$64,500 difference comes from the "if" money ("lollipops," Razzano terms them), the contingency clauses that go on and on into cloud-cuckoo land. They include \$2,500 if Anderson plays over 50% of each game on offense or defense and San Francisco wins its division; \$2,500 more if he plays 50% on offense or defense and San Francisco wins the conference title; \$2,500 more if he plays 50% etc. and the 49ers win the Super Bowl. There are six more contingencies that add \$2,000 to \$5,000 a pop to Anderson's salary. They cover such eventualities as being picked Rookie of the Year (\$5,000), making the official All-Rookie team (\$2,000); and being selected and playing in the Pro Bowl (\$5,000). The only lollipop Anderson can count on is the \$5,000 he gets if he makes San Francisco's 40-man squad. This is safe money since teams are reluctant to admit making a mistake about a first-round choice so early in the season.

As for the rest, they are chancier than come bets at the crap table. For instance, in the 20 years they have been in the league, the 49ers have never won an NFL

title. They did win their first division championship last year, so that reduces those odds but the odds against being chosen Rookie of the Year are 600 to 1.

Still, all the lollipops are incentives of sorts and would be valuable if they were free. They aren't. As a general rule, contracts loaded with contingencies are less lucrative in basic terms.

Razzano would like to discuss both the front and back of Tim Anderson's offer, but so far he officially doesn't even know of the contract's existence, since until recently the 49ers refused to recognize that Razzano existed.

As far as Razzano is concerned, San Francisco may lead in intransigence, but Buffalo follows close behind. It is his perhaps fanciful opinion that NFL clubs may be colluding in their negotiating tactics. Whatever the club, the sales pitch invariably opens with a paean on the glories of the city. "It's unbelievable," says Razzano. "General Manager Harvey Johnson actually made Buffalo sound like a tropical paradise." This is followed by an expression of the club's desire to make the rookie happy. Then comes the hard-times pitch. "The 49ers told me the team was 'financially disabled,'" says Anderson. "Mr. Johnson claimed Buffalo had a bad year at the gate," says Jan White. Next comes an elucidation of company policy in which the team establishes an attitude of fair play for all rookies—past, present and future. This means the high-draft choice is going to be offered about half of what could be reasonably expected.

In the case of Jan White, Harvey Johnson flew into Columbus and met the player and his agent. "There will be no highs or lows," said Johnson, "just one figure, a fair one, and therefore there will be no need to negotiate." The 49ers told Anderson essentially the same thing, which was a refrain of the conversation Hayden had with Minnesota's Jim Finks and what Brockington heard from Green Bay and Jack Tatum from Oakland. No reason to negotiate. The fair offer in Jan White's case: \$17,500 bonus and a \$17,000 beginning salary with increases of \$2,500 and \$3,000 over the next two years. On the other hand, last year's high second-round players received \$30,000 bonuses and salaries that began at \$23,500. Says Johnson by way of extenuation: "Every team's financial setup is different. Some have 80,000 capacity stadiums, others have 46,400 like us."

ron and

OHIO STATE 8, minus one, meet with Agent Tony Razzano. From left: Tim Anderson (drafted No. 1 by 49ers); Leo Hayden (No. 1, Vikings); John Brockington (No. 1, Packers); Jan White (No. 2, Bills); Jack Tatum (No. 1, Raiders) isn't shown.



So far Johnson has been a man of his word. He has not changed his offer. He has, however, attempted the old wedge play—that is, tried to separate the player from his agent in order to flicker or, better yet, get the player to sign. To this end Johnson has attempted to see White in private, but to no avail.

"It's had enough to sit and listen to your body haggled over like cattle going for so much a pound," White says, "but it's even worse when you have no say in how much they're going to have to pay. Then the clubs sneak around to the back door and try to get you to sign and that's inexcusable. The whole process is disillusioning."

Tony Razzano makes a distinction between teams that are willing to negotiate and those that are not. "Representing five players picked by five different clubs, I have a pretty good cross section of what's going on," he says. "Either the teams are all tuned into the same channel or else they're conspiring to set wages."

"It seems to me Commissioner Pete Rozelle promised there would be a competitive market price when he asked Congress' permission for the merger—not the stimulus of two leagues but the natural difference of prices for talent, which would to a degree have to be met. But all we've heard is the club's policy, take it or leave it—and in some cases I haven't heard that."

As always, the principal hassle isn't over money, but over an unwillingness to even talk. This means that Oakland, Minnesota and Green Bay are tough but reasonable. Buffalo is unreasonable. San Francisco is something else.

Indeed, the 49er situation is its own kind of scene. The twists and turns of what Anderson calls "childish tactics" are hard to follow, much less understand. Anderson has asked the 49ers to negotiate with his agent. He has repeated his position to General Manager Jack White, to Coach Dick Nolan, to Scout Chuck Cherundolo, to the San Francisco press and, most recently, to Rozelle.

Yet it was nearly three months before the problem—or, rather, issue—was isolated. At that juncture, Marshall LeMay, the 49ers' lawyer, sent a letter to Razzano, which, in effect, stated: "If the boy elects to have you present at the negotiations, the 49ers cannot deny him the privilege. However, in keeping with the consistent policy of the 49ers over

the years, they insist that there will be no negotiations with any agent unless the player is present." Now that seems reasonable enough, except that neither Razzano nor Anderson had ever stated that Anderson wouldn't be there.

"Tony told all of us he wanted to be present during the negotiations," says Anderson. In fact, two of the players have chosen not to be and a third, Jan White, wished he hadn't been. "The procedure is the one dehumanizing aspect of pro football," says Brockington, who sat outside and chatted with the Green Bay public-relations man while Razzano listened to the Packers' tough sales pitch. "If I had been present, I would have ended up hating the Packers, and that would've spoiled football at Green Bay. To me it's like an insurance pitch. It's back and forth and it all sounds good and then you find out that you've been skinned."

"I find it's a shady thing," says Anderson, who doesn't object to the stipulation that he be present but to all the events and hard feelings that proceeded it, as well as the presumption that his being there was an original thought. Before the 49ers recognized Razzano, Anderson had complained, "Here I am, an athlete ignorant of the contract game and I'm not allowed to have an experienced adviser. Yet they're old pros at negotiating and they've got their lawyers, their experts. It doesn't make sense."

What makes even less sense is the sequence of events that led to LeMay's letter. Serious problems did not develop until Razzano sent Anderson out to the 49ers' rookie orientation camp at Redlands, Calif. on March 6. Although no direct contact had been established between him and the club, Razzano figured it would be a sign of his reasonableness if he sent his client to camp. He told Anderson to be cooperative but to refuse to negotiate without him.

"Everything was cool," Anderson recalls, "until Coach Nolan asked me to see Mr. Jack White, the general manager. I told him I didn't want to negotiate without my agent. He told me that White just wanted to meet me." After one conversation White slipped him a folded piece of paper on which White had written the club's terms; Anderson was told not to read it in camp but to go home, study it and talk it over with Jack White's good friend Woody Hayes, Anderson's old coach at

Ohio State. No mention was made of consulting Razzano, although Anderson had repeatedly brought up his agent. White's version is different. He says, "I told him to talk it over with Razzano, and I never tried to sign him."

Razzano was enraged by what he considered San Francisco's breach of faith. He had Anderson call the club and repeat the request that the 49ers deal with Razzano. This was followed by registered letters and telephone calls by the agent and the player.

Nothing happened. In fact, there was only dead silence and a hasty end to the conversation whenever Anderson mentioned Razzano's name. Razzano couldn't even evoke this much response. He never got White on the telephone, even though they are old friends. "I like Jack White," said Razzano last week. "I like Tony Razzano," said Jack White last week.

Finally, in an attempt to break the logjam, Razzano called San Francisco President Lou Spadia. Razzano now finds it a good sign his determination to recall the conversation. In his re-creation of the call, Razzano plays both parts with considerable verve.

"Mr. Spadia, this is Tony Razzano," emotes Razzano as Razzano.

"Tony who?" says Razzano as Spadia.

Razzano: Razzano, R-A-Z-Z-A-N-O.
Spadia: Oh, Raz-zan-o. I guess that's Italian.

Razzano: Yes, Mr. Spadia. I'm the president of United Pro Athletes and I—

Spadia: You're what?

Razzano: I'm the president of United Pro Athletes and I—

Spadia: What's that?

Razzano: It's a personal service company formed to represent athletes and I represent San Francisco's No. 1 pick, Tim Anderson—

Spadia: You what?

Razzano: I represent your No. 1 draft choice, Tim Anderson.

Spadia: Oh, that's what this is all about. Well, listen Raz-zan-o, I have a general manager, Jack White, who I pay a big salary to negotiate contracts, so call Jack White. [Pause] And listen, Razzano, don't call collect.

The last word (or words, as it turned out) was yet to come. Within seconds of hanging up, Razzano picked up the receiver again to call Tim Anderson and give him a no-progress report. Appar-

continued

These are the athletes who really need Jack Purcells.



Like them, you do your pro work sitting down. Sure, you jock-it-up. On the weekends. Not as much as you'd like. And not enough to keep your feet in professional shape.

And that's why your feet need the extra help in Jack Purcells.

What makes Jack Purcells different is the rigid rubber wedge inside each heel.

What these wedges do is shift your weight to the outside of each foot. Thereby distributing your body weight better.

BFGoodrich *in pursuit of excellence*

That helps you to keep going longer and perform better on the field. And to end up less tired off the field.

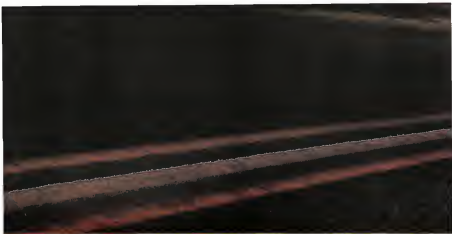
There's a lot more to Jack Purcells. The best materials. Great styling. Other good things to take care of your feet and keep them comfortable.

But what makes us pros at the care and footing of the now-and-then athlete is our exclusive Posture Foundation® wedge.

Get it. And lose your amateur footing.



JACK PURCELL. The only one with the wedge.



This road used to be a man-eater. Then Du Pont changed its stripes.

The painted highway stripe can be the thin line between life and death. And it's often a very fragile thing.

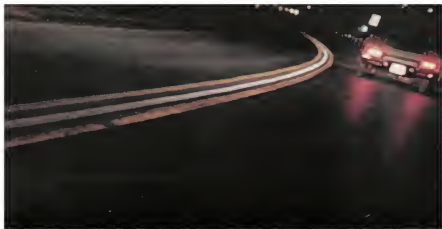
Tires scrub it and scuff it. Oil eats into it. Sand and wind and water wear it away.

On the busiest roads, the

life expectancy of a painted stripe is only about ninety days.

Now, there's a different way to mark roads. Not paint, but plastic. A tough plastic stripe bonded tightly to the road. A stripe made brilliant by a remarkable Du Pont pigment called "Krolor".

"Krolor" pigment fights off the fading effects of sun and oil and chemicals and time. The stripes in the picture above have already been on the job six months. And chances are they'll tame this man-eat-



ing road for at least eighteen more months.

Du Pont is more than a little concerned about highway safety.

Our concern shows up in fibers that will make tomorrow's tires even tougher than today's. Better kinds of nylon and "Dacron"™ polyester. And some totally new fibers—some too new to be named.

And if you've ever been warned of danger by a highway safety flare, chances are it was a Du Pont chemical that made it burn so bright a red.

There's a world of things we're doing something about.



For true smoking enjoyment, the Great Yogi puffs wheat germ cigarettes while standing on his head.

Now everybody will puff wheat germ cigarettes while standing on their heads

...almost everybody.



©1997 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY Winston-Salem, NC

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



ently the connection with San Francisco had not been broken, and Razzano heard a voice, which he thought he recognized as being Jack White's, say: "You were a magnificent son-of-a-bitch."

Razzano quickly hung up and put through a call to Jack White, only to be told that Mr. White had just stepped out of the office. Razzano then sent a note to Spadia telling him what he overheard and suggesting that the nonsense stop and the negotiations begin. The reply was Leahy's letter.

Last month San Francisco sent Cherundolo, who was a coach with the Redskins when Razzano scouted for the team, to see his old comrade. At almost the same time Joe Perry, the former 49er fullback, tried to pay a call on Anderson. "It was a smooth move," Razzano says. "Dago on dago and black on black. But it didn't work." Cherundolo sat in his dago buddy's living room and asked him, "What the hell's the problem between you and the club?" Razzano grimly replied, "Ask your boss-

es, because I have no answers." Perry, meanwhile, missed Anderson but passed along a message. "Tell Tim to hurry up and sign. He's only hurting himself. Tell him to remember Tony Razzano won't pay his salary." Perry then called on Anderson's mother to get her to influence her son to accept the 49ers' offer. Two weeks ago John Brodie, the 49er quarterback, got into the act with a call to Anderson.

Recently, Razzano and the Ohio State 5, *manus* Tatum, sat around and discussed the negotiations—or lack of them. "I've never been poor," said Brockington, "but if they offered me like \$18,000 I'm sure I would have grabbed it if I had gone it alone." Razzano got Brockington more than \$36,000. "I would have signed if Tony hadn't been with me," said Jan White. "That Harvey Johnson was such a sincere-sounding dude that I felt sorry for him. But he shut me off when he said there are lots of people who aren't sure Jan White can make the pros. Then I realized he was my enemy." Leo Hayden

had the same reaction. "I thought Jim Finks [of the Vikings] was a good dude until he got to the nitty-gritty. Then I saw he was my enemy."

"Don't say that," interrupted Razzano. "You don't understand. It's just a game, and when it's all over and the contracts are signed these men will be your friends. The trouble will all be forgotten." Forgotten? Not by Razzano's five black clients and, probably, not by many of the other 217 blacks (out of 260 draftees) taken in the first 10 rounds. The "game" is foreign to them. They regard it as a personal affront.

"So far the teams have not budged, and there's no reason they should," Razzano said last week. "I've got no place else to go. The clubs have told me right along, 'Take it or leave it,' and if they don't break soon then I'll tell my clients you've been jobbed. I'll tell them to sign if they want and pay me what they want, but I didn't help you at all—not at all. What else can I do? I ask you, where can I go?"

END



Your family's safety--look at it this way!

Before starting any trip, take your car to an alignment specialist for a wheel alignment and a complete check of the steering system.

It only takes a few minutes for a specialist to check steering parts with a simple "look and shake."

When you need new parts, insist on Moog steering and suspension parts... built to hold wheels in line longer.

This small investment in safety can save your tires—and possibly your family. At Moog we call it "Wheel-to-Wheel Security."

Moog—bringing safety to steering for over 50 years.

Moog Industries, Inc., P.O. Box 7224, St. Louis, Missouri 63177





It is late of an evening and the Associated Press man is taking a report over the telephone in Miami. "Dennis Riggs is the new middleweight champion of Florida!" the caller announces—and goes on to give details of the main event in Jacksonville and the masterful manner in which Riggs kayaked **Tommy Torine** in the sixth round. Thanks for the report. And may we ask who is calling, you know, just to check for accuracy? "Oh," says the correspondent, "this is Dennis Riggs."

★ And baseball fans can expect to hear similar reports these days on the thrilling activities of the Ridgewood-Paramus Barons. The Ridge . . . what was that name again? Well, it's this team off in northern New Jersey's semi-pro Metropolitan Baseball League, see, and one of the ace hurlers on the club is **Jim Bouton**, who also has been known to mention the team in his other capacity as a sportscaster for ABC-TV.

Any guy with a title and name like **Prince Alfonso Hohenzoln** is bound to feel pretty frisky now and then. Maybe that's why Prince Al, who owns the Marbella Club in southern Spain, offered \$20,000 to anybody who could beat him at three of his four favorite sports activities:

shooting, auto racing, golf and skiing. And, whoops! back came an acceptance from Austria's **Toni Sailer**, now 35, the former world ski champ. Well, uh, sure, said Prince Al—but I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll add water skiing to the list of events and make it a sort of modern pentathlon. And, uh, listen: each contestant must put up a \$500 entry fee. And there's got to be a minimum of, say, 10 competitors in each of the five events, right, Toni?

At the last count, Prince Al's \$20,000 still looked pretty safe, although a few big spots around the world are said to be expressing some interest. Watch this space for further exciting bulletins.

Preseason Football Tip:

Never bet with **Judy Carter**, who roots for the Cincinnati Bengals. Last season Judy bet some gentlemen seated next to her in the stands that for \$5 she could call the Bengals' first play from scrimmage. She predicted correctly and the men, figuring it was a fluke, went for 3 to 1 that she couldn't call the next one. Judy did, and "by the time we ran the first eight plays she had made more money in the stands than I did on the field," says hubby **Virgil Carter**, who just happens to quarterback the team. He also has Judy help him memorize each game's first eight plays.

They were winging along routinely from Midland to Hereford, Texas when the electrical system failed on the twin-engine airplane. Konk: the left engine shut off and, next, the landing gear wouldn't go down. The pilot headed for Lubbock on one engine, then circled over the field for 15 minutes. "That's the scariest I've ever been in my life," allowed one passenger, **Debbie Patton**, Miss Teen Age America of 1970. But another

passenger saved the day: he wrestled with the gear, finally knocked it loose and lowered the wheel manually. "I was just a little bit nervous," said **Terry Bradshaw**, the Pittsburgh Steelers' quarterback.

Atta boy, Terry. Way to go. Win one for the Gipper.

★ No word yet from Saratoga, Wyo. on whether or not **Ken Harvelson** will be the new Ben Hogan. But the man who traded the Cleveland Indians for the PGA tour is studying hard under **Bob Toski**, who has handled "no less than 50" pros now on the circuit. Toski, who helped Tony Jacklin among others, says he hopes to teach the Hawk that "it's a different kind of pressure on the tour than on the baseball diamond."

Got that, Ken? Remember now, one never spikes **Arnold Palmer**. Do not dust off **Nicklaus**. A Louisville Slugger is **Frank Beard**.

The Corniest Gimmick of the Week is the "Life Saver of the Month" award presented to **Henri Richard** of the Montreal

Canadiens Golly, did Henri perform some act of heroism we hadn't heard about? No, this was for scoring the tying and winning goals against Chicago in the final game of the Stanley Cup series to bring the trophy back to Montreal. Sponsor of the "Life Saver" award—better they should spend the money on a new promotion department—is, well, you decide.

A Sporting Welcome to the Summer Silly Season with these selected items:

First, **Lorraine O'Keefe** married **Charles Tolbert** in a lawn ceremony, specifically, right there on the 9th green at the Mayfair Country Club in Sanford, Fla. Isn't that sweet? After which the bride and groom joined separate foursomes and played 18 holes.

There was another nifty wedding, this one at first base in Lefty Hamilton Park in Williamson, W. Va.: **Nancy Spaulding** married **A. J. Bull**.

Last year Mayor **Moon Landrieu** pitched for the city officials in their annual game against the City of New Orleans softball team—and got shelled 19-0. Undaunted, he went in again this year. He batted four innings and left, trailing 4-1, and his team lost 8-3. Same old story: **Blew Moon**.

Note to sports headline writers everywhere: Best-named player since Penn State Defensive Tackle **Steve Snare** is Alabama Linebacker **Jeff Blitt**.

Finally, the *Free China Weekly* reports that 22-year-old **Chen Ta-mia** and 12 young friends escaped mainland China and swam to freedom and asylum in Hong Kong. What does that have to do with sport? Well, they kept afloat by carrying plastic bags filled with Ping-Pong balls.



On June 20, a specially modified Javelin won its second race of the season in the Trans-Am event at Edmonton, Canada.

Mark Donohue, who drove the Javelin to its first win only a few weeks before, was the winning driver in this race, too.

Mustang and Camaro came in second and third.

Donohue, in a statement made after the race, credited his victories to last year's experience.

"Everything I learned in '70 Trans-Am went into this year's racing Javelin. Everything. An

improved suspension system, improved brakes, an improved engine, more responsive steering."

Some of the things Donohue learned also went into our street Javelins, the Javelins we sell to you. Like new front and rear spoilers and new cowl air induction for the '71 Javelin-AMX.

Undoubtedly, some of the things Donohue learns this season will also go into our '72 Javelin.

And into our other cars, too.

Because as much as we're in racing to win, we're also in racing to build better cars. Because the better cars we build, the more cars we sell.



**If you're going to buy a sporty car,
buy one that's going places.**



Enter an all-round Wise guy

The act in Philadelphia was good for a few caustic laughs, and then along came Rick Wise, a triple threat who fields, hits—and pitches

When Rick Wise walked into the Philadelphia Phillies' clubhouse at Riverfront Stadium in Cincinnati after throwing a no-hitter past the flabbergasted Reds his teammates formed two lines in a sort of jagged victory corridor. They applauded, whistled and jumped up and down as the exhausted 25-year-old pitcher smiled softly at them. Then, during a lull in the noise, a voice hollered, "Way to hit, Rack, way to hit." The Phillies laughed and so did Wise.

Not since they blew the 1964 pennant have the Phillies been much of a team for laughter. Nor were they before then. Manager Eddie Sawyer, who resigned after opening day of the 1960

season, summed up the frustration. "I am 49 years old," he said. "I would like to live to be 50."

But with Wise's performance, there came fresh hope that Philadelphia again had a pitcher—one not named Grover Cleveland Alexander or Robin Roberts or even Chris Short—who would become a 20-game winner. Wise's no-hitter was his eighth victory of the season (against four losses) and he is the only starter on the team with a record above .500. Unlike Jim Bunning, who had 118 American League wins before joining the Phils in 1964—and subsequently pitching a perfect game against the New York Mets—Wise is the first real raised-in-the-organization Phillie to throw a no-hitter in 65 seasons.

Wise's true claim to distinction among pitchers, however, is his hitting and fielding. In 1969 he led all major league pitchers with a .270 average, and he has made only one error since 1964. While blanking the Reds 4-0, Wise hit two homers, his third and fourth this season. (There have been 129 no-hitters pitched since 1900, and in only three—by Wes Ferrell, Jim Tobin and Earl Wilson—did the pitchers help themselves with even one homer.) Earlier this season, against the Giants, Wise hit one home run and just missed another. Less than a week before his no-hitter he lost a homer by inches when he tripped against the center-field fence at New York's Shea Stadium. "I pride myself on my hitting," he says. "I don't want to go up to the plate as an out."

Wise's performance against the Reds easily was the best of the season. He allowed only Dave Concepcion to reach first on a walk. Of the 27 other batters he faced, only five could get the ball beyond the infield. One who almost did was the last one he had to put down,

Pete Rose. Cincinnati's leadoff batter who breaks up no-hitters as a matter of course. Since 1964 Rose has had the first hit in one- and two-hitters six times. "Rose certainly is the last man you want to face," said Wise afterward. "He can bunt and beat out infield choppers, and he averages about six miles worth of line drives a year."

Wise threw Rose a fastball. Rose checked his swing, but slashed the ball on a line just foul outside third. An impish grin appeared on Rose's face—the spoiler strikes again. But Wise got him on a half line drive to Third Baseman John Vuckovich, and the Phillies swarmed out of their dugout and over Wise. "I was so excited and rooting for him so hard," said Phils' Manager Frank Lucchesi, "that between pitches I'd put my head down on my arm in the dug-out, close my eyes and shout, 'Come on, Rack, come on, Rack!'"

Within a week Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson will pick the National League pitchers for the All-Star Game. As if he has not seen enough of him already, Anderson will be looking closely at Rick Wise. Why not? For the last three years Wise has been the winningest pitcher in Philadelphia. So what if his no-hitter only brought his lifetime record to 66-66. As Wise said after the game, "Maybe I can go on from here."

For that matter, if Wise doesn't pitch in the All-Star Game, he can always bat cleanup behind Willie Stargell.

THE WEEK by MARK MULVOY

NL EAST Finger-lickin' Willie Stargell had another expensive week. The Pittsburgh chicken king hit a \$1047 home run that crisscrossed New York in one game, then hit a \$17.65 homer that fried the Mets in another. All-Pro Chicken entrepreneur Stargell picks up the tab when he homers. Dollars aside, Stargell was pleased that the Pirates—after three failures—finally developed a scoreboard caricature that he thought looked like him-

continued



WISE COOLS IT AFTER HIS HOT SHOW

Two things
a man must respect...
One is
his scotch.

That's not Scottish folklore. That's the truth.

A man should respect his scotch. And a man's scotch should do him proud.

Pipers never forgets that. A lot of skill, pride and respect go into every precious drop.

That's why Pipers is finer...why Pipers tastes better. Why Pipers is a scotch you can be proud of. A scotch you can respect.

100 Pipers
It's made proudly.
Drink it that way.



The other book clubs give you a lot of selections.

We give you a lot of selectivity, too.

Our editors read through hundreds of ordinary books to find a handful of extraordinary ones.

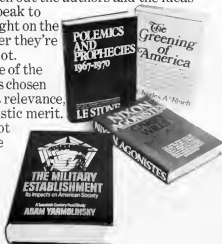
But we think that's what a book club is all about.

Not just to save you money, but to save you time.

Not to offer you just anything and everything that comes along, but to search out the authors and the ideas that add new insights, speak to the moment, shed new light on the human condition. Whether they're best-seller material or not.

Each and every one of the selections listed here was chosen for its excellence, for its relevance, for literary and journalistic merit.

After all, we're not just selling books. We're recommending them.



Start with a trial membership. Get 3 books for \$1.

Every title offered by the Book Find Club represents a solid saving on the publishers' prices. (You will also be eligible, starting with your first regular selection, to buy bonus books at a fraction of the regular prices from the Book Find bonus book list.)

And with a year's trial membership, you can resign after taking four books.



But whether you stay with us or not, you start your membership by selecting any three from this list for \$1, plus postage and handling. If you bargain-hunt through the list you can get about \$32 worth of great books for your \$1.

- [illegible]

The Book Find Club.

142 West 43rd Street, New York 10036

Please send me the 3 books I've checked in the boxes above and bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling. (Civilization counts as 2 books.)

Also enroll me as a trial member of the Book Find Club. I need accept as few as 4 additional selections in the next 12 months, always at substantial savings off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling I may cancel at any time thereafter.

I understand that I will receive the free Book Find News, which fully describes each month's selections and alternates. If I do not wish to receive a current selection, or I wish an alternate instead, I may advise you by using the convenient reply card provided with each Book Find News.

If I do want the current selection, I need do nothing and it will be automatically sent to me.

Name _____ Cell no. _____

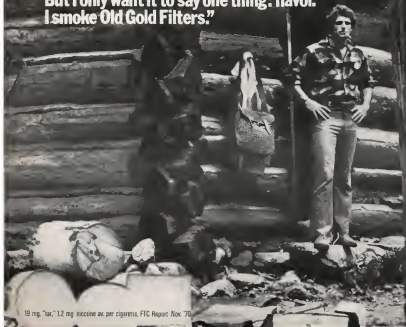
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.



**"I want my cigarette to talk tobacco to me.
But I only want it to say one thing: flavor.
I smoke Old Gold Filters."**



19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

self. "One of the others made me look like a gorilla," he said. "My head was so big, there wasn't room on the board for my stats." His stats: 28 home runs, 79 RBIs and a .553 slugging percentage. Go Gorfilla. Watching Stargell inspired new york's Tom Seaver, who hit a long home run to beat the Expos the day after the Mets left Pittsburgh. The blast doubled Seaver's career home-run total. Even better news for the Mets was wire-armed lefthander Jerry Koosman's complete-game win against the Expos, his first victory since May 14, Cincinnati's Jim Hickman won the spot award by hitting a double in the Cubs' 12-0 victory over St. Louis. The Cubs had 20 hits in that game—19 singles and Hickman's double at, today now has tried 20 different pitchers. The 29th—Daryl Patterson—gave up three hits and three walks to his first six batters. Montreal lost five straight games, making it 14 of 20, and dropped into last place. And Rick Wise was cheered when Philadelphia's Phila returned home.

PIT 48 27 NY 42 39 CHS 37 38
ST. L 30 27 MONT 28 41 PHIL 30 42

NL WEST Plagued by a chronic knee injury that will require surgery in the fall (hopefully, after a World Series), SAN FRANCISCO's hard-hitting Willie McCovey moved onto the disabled list. But all was not disastrous for the Giants. One day Frank Reberger smashed the index finger of his right (pitching) hand while closing his car door and could not start against the Cubs, so Manager Charlie Fox hastily summoned John Cumberland from the bullpen. Cumberland called his wife and told her to rush to the park and "watch me shut them out." He did for 8½ innings, giving up only three hits and stopping Joe Pepitone's 19-game hitting streak. The Giants then took a seven-game winning streak to their jinx city, Houston, and lost twice. The crusher was a bave hit by one of their off-season employees, Astro Catcher Jack Hugg, who during the winter sells season tickets for the Giants. Richie Allen's home run in the 13th inning won a game for LOS ANGELES, but CINCINNATI still was not hitting. Aside from being no-hit twice in three weeks, the Reds were shut out for the eighth and ninth times this season. Last year they were held scoreless only once. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn ordered ATLANTA to return that \$10,000 check to Cleto Boyer, who now plays for Havana. "Paul Richards misinterpreted the rules," Kuhn said. The Braves also released 48-year-old knuckleballer Hoyt Wilhelm, who complained that he never had a fair chance this season, and permitted First Baseman Chacha Cepeda to go home to Puerto Rico for treatment of his injured knee. About the

only on-field commotion in Atlanta was the psychological trick Catcher Bob Dider played on Pitcher Ron Reed. Knowing that Reed dislikes Montreal Manager Gene Mauch, Dider told him that Mauch had called him a few unprintables. Reed got himself so psyched that he pitched a two-hit shut-out against Mauch's Expos. Later Dider admitted his deception. "I just pulled a Knute Rockne on him," Dider said. What did Mauch think? "I'm going to tell Dider's dad, and he'll spank his little behind." In SAN DIEGO, Padre President Hume Hagan assured the fans that his team could not follow the flight of the Rockies out of town.

SP 49 37 LA 45 33 HOUS 36 38
ATL 36 42 CIN 30 43 SO 38 46

AL EAST It was only the end of June, but in Boston the Benevolent Loyal Order of Deafened Red Sox Sufferers (Dilehards, they call themselves) considered the four-game weekend series with the Baltimore Orioles "crucial." "If the Sox lose this series," said one man, "I'm going to the Cape for the rest of the summer." Indeed, if the Red Sox did lose the series, it was assumed that Manager Eddie Kasko could go to the Cape, too—unemployed. The Sox promptly lost the first game 7-3 on Paul Blair's triple in the ninth inning. The next day Boston led 2-0 in the ninth and Gary Peters was only one strike from victory when Boog Powell tied the game with a long home run. But in the 10th inning Shurtlepp Luis Aparicio hit a two-out line drive to right field that Frank Robinson misjudged, and the Red Sox won 3-2. That night Pitcher Sonny Siebert pitched a six-hitter and drove in five runs with a double and a homer, and the Sox won again 10-2. Then on Sunday, Ray Culp stopped the Orioles 3-1. Suddenly the Red Sox were only five games behind Baltimore, and the vacancy signs went up on cottages all over Cape Cod. One consolation for Baltimore was the revived bat of Boog Powell, who added 39 points to his 178 batting average and had four homers and 12 RBIs. "I started to use [Coach] Billy Hunter's brand of chewing tobacco," Powell explained. "Other than that, nothing's different." Not so. After a study of films of his swing, Powell was advised to move deeper into the batter's box and farther away from home plate to boost gamed on the Orioles, too, as Mickey Lolich, rookie Bill Gribble (in his first major-league start) and Joe Coleman pitched successive complete-game victories against CLEVELAND. Ken Harrelson officially retired from baseball when the Indians were in Boston. The Hawk was supposed to pinch-hit and then fly away to a golf course in Wyoming—but the game

was rained out. New York recalled its latest "new hope," Ron Blomberg, and acquired a onetime Mets' failure symbol, Ron Snoboda, in an attempt to lure crowds to Yankee Stadium. Washington rookie Pete Broberg thought Yankee Stadium should be burned down—particularly after the Yankees got six hits and seven runs off him in only two innings. Broberg took part of his reported \$150,000 bonus and bought a new economy car for his old college coach, Tony Lipson of Dartmouth.

BAL 48 38 BOS 40 31 DET 48 35
NY 34 38 CLEV 33 39 WASH 38 48

AL WEST There was a summit meeting of sorts in the West, and when it was over OAKLAND had won three of four games from second-place Kansas City and extended its lead to 13 games. And for a change the Athletics played to large home crowds. Vida Blue attracted 33,008 to the opener and won his 16th game, shutting out the Royals on five hits and striking out 12. Owner Charles Finley flew in Blue's mother, brother and four sisters for the weekend. Explaining how he won, Blue said, "You see, my team scores some runs and then I go out and don't let the other team score." What did his mother think? "Vida comes from calm stalk," she said. The next day Vida received his baby blue Cadillac from Finley as 40,000 people turned out to see the A's win 4-2. For the Sunday doubleheader Finley had a unique promotion. Hot Pants Day. There were 33,000 at the half park as Oakland had its most prosperous weekend in history. But it was a bad time for KANSAS CITY all-around as the Royals ran their losing streak to seven games. Dick Drago, sporting a 2.37 ERA, made two appearances and gave up 13 hits and 14 runs in 1½ innings. Now his ERA is 3.65. And Catcher Jerry Mays and Pitcher Ken Wright were added to the disabled list. CALIFORNIA's veteran Relief Pitcher Eddie Fisher started for only the fourth time in eight years and beat MILWAUKEE. The Brewers won three of four from MENA, causing Twin Manager Bill Rigney to call still more clubhouse meetings. "I wish I could do something to light a fire here," Rigney said. "When I played for the Giants back in '51, the Dodgers did us a favor by beating us three straight at Ebbets Field and then standing outside our clubhouse door knocking on the windows and calling us names. And we won the pennant." Unhappily, the Twins' clubhouse has no windows. CINCINNATI won six straight, the longest streak for the Sox in four years, but no one was talking pennant.

OAK 49 34 KC 38 33 MINN 38 38
CAL 34 43 MIL 36 42 CHS 28 40

Gentle Ben roughs up the college crowd

A mophand freshman from the University of Texas led his team to an upset victory in the NCAA championship with an impressive professional-style performance that gave him the individual title as well

College golf is meat for a Hollywood gossip column. Everybody loves and hates everybody else, complains about courses, coaches and All-America selections and, in general, breaks all records for non-stop backbiting. Rona Barrett could have reported last week's NCAA tournament at the Tucson National Golf Club by dropping teasers like: Should B.B. and D.W. be invited to the same party? Will Lanny Wadkins of Wake Forest junk it all and turn pro before an NCAA official tees off on his deuces? Can Gentle (I'm gonna slam this dude) Ben Crenshaw of the University of Texas find love and eternal happiness with an NCAA trophy? Or is it only a step on his way from Austin to professional immortality?

Beyond such tringy items is the more important question of why the golfing public ignores the NCAA tournament and fails to recognize it for what it really is: a marvelous pastiche of confusion that winds its way through comic foul-ups, verbal harangues and plain chaos to produce probably the finest field and the best performances in amateur golf.

To doubters, it should be pointed out that Jim Simons, who a few days earlier had won instant fame by leading the U.S. Open after three rounds and fighting Lee Trevino and Jack Nicklaus to the 72nd hole before sagging and finishing fifth, won a scowl from his college coach the first day of the NCAAAs by finishing fifth on the Wake Forest team. His 76 was surpassed by 140 other collegians in the 226-man field. Though Simons was obviously sapped both mentally and physically from his courageous effort in the Open, his performance at Tucson was grist for opposition coaches. "Jimmy's a good boy," said portly Buster Bishop of the University of Florida, "but we have a lot out here like him. Pick 10 other amateurs to play against the 10 best college kids here. No contest."

"Amateurs?" said University of Houston Coach Dave Williams, who has to

disagree with Bishop even when he agrees with him. "Give me six of these guys and I'll take on any six pros in the world."

Williams may have been exaggerating, but this year's NCAA field could bear comparison with the same-spangled group that played in the 1966 tournament at Stanford, where Bob Murphy beat Bob Dickson, Ron Cerrudo and Vinnie Giles, among others. At Tucson were Florida's Mike Killian and Andy North, Houston's John Mills and Corker DeLoach, the Texas Walker Cupper Tom Kite Jr., Howard Twitty of Arizona State, Ray Leach of Brigham Young and Dave Glenz of Oregon, in addition to Crenshaw and Wake Forest's Wadkins, Simons and Eddie Pearce. As for the two coaches, Bishop and Williams, they had been at odds since Florida upset Houston for the NCAA title in 1968. Williams, whose teams have won 12 of the last 16 national titles, likes to quote the Bible and gives "90% credit to the Lord." Bishop calls Williams a "carnival barker." Their happy feud is put into excellent perspective by one of their players: "They both want to win so bad they're practically the same guy. Except one is a huge tubby and the other is a little reach."

Williams and Bishop are of the same mind when it comes to their conception of what a "contribution" to college golf is. Wake Forest, they feel, does not make its rightful contribution because the Deacons do not enter enough college tournaments. All that Wake Forest seems to be well represented in are such things as the U.S. Amateur, the Walker Cup, the British Amateur and the U.S. Open; jerkwater tournaments like that. Every year at the NCAAAs Wake Forest is both favored and hated because everybody is aware of all those Arnold Palmer wind-up toys enrolled at the Winston-Salem school (Palmer played college golf there, and the university offers an Arnold Palmer scholarship).

But Wake Forest always loses the NCAA. Two years ago the Deacons gave

away a five-shot lead on the final day, and last year a two-shot margin when Wadkins blew his own five-stroke individual lead and lost to John Mahaffey of Houston. Despite having Wadkins (the reigning U.S. Amateur champion), Simons (a finalist a few weeks ago in the British Amateur) and Pearce (the North and South Amateur winner), Wake Forest died again this time.

Tucson National's long, sprawling 7,300-yard par-72 layout did not favor the precise game most of the Deacons play nor did the 105° temperature sit well. Only Pearce, raised in Florida, was at home on a course where every fairway resembled an SST landing strip and the nearest rough was in Guadalajara. Just the same, Wake Forest Coach Jesse Haddock was optimistic: "Our attitude is good and, let's face it, we do have the best team," he said. But other coaches pointed to Florida and Houston, and even to Texas, whose hopes rode on Kite and freshman star Crenshaw.

"This place is made for a masher who can putt," said Williams. "That's Crenshaw."

Most of the unwieldy field spent the first round asking Simons about the U.S. Open ("What did Big Jack say to you on 18?") and being awed by Crenshaw's strong 67. "I was two under par," said Dave Haberer of Minnesota, his playing partner, "but I had more fun just watching him. He hit it so good he should have made 60." But Houston's Mills—a refugee from the state of Maine—shot an even better 65 and led the Cougars to a four-stroke team lead.

Meanwhile, the NCAA officials, enjoying their usual hoo-hah of internal politics, public-relations difficulties and organizational buffoonery, went bogey, double bogey, pick-it-up. The NCAA couldn't find enough caddies. The NCAA couldn't open the practice greens or tees after five o'clock. The NCAA turned sumo rulings on the course into lengthy discourses. Play was so slow that Florida's Killian, who went off last, fin-

ished his round in a cool 7½ hours. "Hur-ray, another NCAA fiasco," he said, while Wadkins, always apt at gentle criticism, commented, "This would be a great tournament if it wasn't run by a bunch of jerks."

Mills, whom Williams "wanted to get rid of" after his first year at Houston, got in a couple of licks at Wake Forest. "They've got the Walker Cuppers," he said, "but they won't win. They don't play as a team." But the next day, led by Pearce's 67, the Deacons moved past Houston by four strokes. "We'll put him up a tree," vowed Pearce of Mills, who still led the individual race. "He won't do much talking from here on." Then Friday brought a change in the course and in Wake Forest's fortunes.

Pur had been riddled by the collegians the first two days (the cut was 145, two strokes lower than the 36-hole to-

tal needed by the touring pros on the same course last February). So the officials moved the tees back, stretching the yardage to 7,500, and, to hear the players talk, placed every pin on an uphill. Nevertheless, Mills shot his third straight subpar round for an 11-under-par total of 205 and a three-stroke lead over Crenshaw and Pearce. But Tom Case of Wake Forest, ill and vomiting, limped home with an 84, which meant that Simons' unimpressive rounds would now have to count for Wake Forest since the four players with the best scores on each team are the ones whose rounds are added together for the team total. Suddenly the Deacons were seven strokes back and all but finished as Florida, led by Killian and freshman Gary Koch, moved one stroke ahead of Houston.

That night Crenshaw, with Texas 15 shots behind, resigned his team to de-

feat. "I guess we're out of it," he said, "but Mills can't hold up. Pearce is tough but I want to make All-America. I want to be the first freshman to win this thing. And I'm going to set a record."

It is said around Austin that Texas left the Southwest Conference golf league just so Gentle Ben could play in more medal tournaments than the league allows ("I might not have gone to Texas if they had stayed in," he admits) and he had already become something of a local legend, what with a bunch of 61s and two impressive appearances in the U.S. Open. And what he did the next day was magnificent.

Crenshaw's teammate Kite, all but forgotten, started the Longhorns' stampede when he began with four birdies and an eagle. Six under through five holes, he faltered a bit but still posted a 68. When William Cromwell followed with a 70, Texas was suddenly in the thick of the team battle. Now Crenshaw, mashing it for all he was worth, caught and passed Mills and turned the tournament around. It was Crenshaw against the whole NCAA now, and it seemed that all you could hear were shouts of Hook 'em, Horns. "I gave him a 66," said Florida Coach Bishop as Crenshaw turned the front nine in three under. "If we shoot par, we can still beat him." Houston's Williams just stared at the ground. "I know him too well," he said. "The kid could go for 62. It's all over." And it was.

With his coach, George Hannum, and his teammates roaring him on, Crenshaw birdied 11. He dropped one from 25 feet on 13 for a birdie. Ten feet on 14: birdie. Tap-in on 15: birdie. Now Texas was in a tie for the lead with Florida. Up ahead of Crenshaw, the Gladiators—not knowing exactly what was happening or how to stop it—folded. They lost 10 strokes on those last two holes and fell all the way to third, with Houston second, seven shots behind Texas.

The Longhorns, eight under, became the first team in NCAA history to break par for the four rounds. But, of course, it wasn't the Longhorns who did it. It was Gentle Ben. Alone, his 273—he ended up with a 65 on the last day—was 15 under par. As he came up the last fairway the 19-year-old Crenshaw asked, jokingly, "What am I doing here?" The question required no answer. He was right where he belonged.

END

TEXAS' BEN CRENSHAW, "A MASHER WHO CAN PUTT," MASHES ONE AT TUCSON



'I'm going to jump a mile anyway'

Switching canyons, Evel Knievel now plans to jet across the Snake

Meet it is, in this age of waning valor, to visit betimes with heroes. And meter still to revisit them, Heroism, after all, is like the heavier metals: it tends to wear away with use. The last time we saw Evel Knievel, self-styled "conservative wild man," motorcycle jumper and most fractured star in sports, he was flat on his back in a Las Vegas hospital, having leaped the World's Largest Privately Owned Fountain at Caesars Palace, fallen off his bike at 80 mph and rolled 165 feet (51, Feb. 5, 1968).

That mishap cost Evel a lot in both time and pain. A broken hip, pushed up through a crushed pelvis. A plentitude of metal pins and plates installed to hold his nether parts together. A month in the hospital, followed by a year on crutches.

"After that it was a cane," said Evel last week, recalling the past with scarce-by a wince. His metal seemed to be in fine fettle. He was wrapped loosely around a beer in a midtown Manhattan saloon, gaudy as all get-out in blood-red bell-bottoms, a flag-striped shirt and a look of petulant contempt that went well with his slightly puffy, Elvis Presley features. "Yeah, a black ebony cane with a gold head. I picked it up for \$35 in a hock shop in Spokane. The shop had a sign that said: WE BUY JUNK AND SELL ANTIQUES. It was a helluva cane. A lot of people fell in love with it. Liberace offered me \$35,000 for it but I turned him down, not that I don't like Liberace—he's O.K., he knows what he's doing and he does it well, sort of like me—but I wanted to give the cane

to my grandmother, who raised me, for her 60th wedding anniversary, so I gave it to her two Sundays ago, in Butte, Mont., where we all come from. Anyways..."

And there he is, fans. The Authentic American Hero, at least in the run-on sentence department. He brings to mind Casper Gutman's accolade to Sam Spade in the closing passages of *The Maltese Falcon*: "By gad, sir, you're a character, that you are! Yes, sir, there's never any telling what you'll do or say next, except that it's bound to be something astonishing." In Evel's case, however, the astonishing is often linked with the self-destructive. While recuperating from the Vegas fall, he kept right on jumping whenever his sutures and surgeons would permit. Vegas was his fifth major accident. Since then, he has had four more. "I can't keep track of my hospital time," he confesses. "It all sort of blurs together."

In Yakima, Wash., early last year, Evel "lost it" during a jump of 13 cars and smashed his collarbone for the second time. "It laid me up for about two months," he says, "but I only spent a

couple of days in the hospital." Then, on July 4, in Seattle, he attempted a world record leap of 19 cars. "Too slow," he recalls. The result: compound fractures of the fourth and fifth vertebrae, the first of a matched pair of spinal fractures he would suffer during 1970. "Two days in the hospital," he says, "but it forced me to cancel two weeks' worth of performances."

Back on the ramps by the end of August, he tried a 13-car jump at Mount Pocono, Pa., and cracked his upper back, along with a limb or three. "My chest was also stove in considerable," he adds. Then came Buffalo and an appearance on *Dialing for Dollars*, a television show. It sounded safe enough, but Evel attracts bodily harm in even the most peaceful of situations.

"They wanted me to zoom into the studio on my jumping bike—all neat and trim in my red, white and blue leathers with the diamond cuff links. It would have made a nice shot but, as I was doing a wheelie in the parking lot, the bike got away from me—its brakes hadn't been set—and I got run over by a car. How do you like that? Didn't



SHOWSTOPPER KNEIVEL STOPS TRAFFIC IN MOTOOWN MANHATTAN WITH HIS NIFTY RIG

break anything important, but, man, it sure hurt. I couldn't walk for a month."

Back in the saddle, Evel finally cleared 19 cars at the Ontario (Calif.) Motor Speedway last February, thus beating his own world mark by the width of a single Dodge. "All sold, the jump came to about 50 yards through the air," he says offhandedly. "Maybe a hair more. It's not really that far, I knew I could do it, because I'll sure as hell have to do a lot better than that when I jump the Snake River Canyon."

The which canyon? What ever happened to that Grand Canyon jump Evel had planned back in '68? "The Government put the stops to it," says Evel, waxing wroth. "What I proposed to do was legit, but they wouldn't give me permission. Too many laughs from the sportswriters and the so-called sporting public. They figured I was conning them. Well, the public is stupid. The sportscasters and the writers are stupid. And when I roar up to the edge of the Snake River Canyon on Labor Day 1972, they'll know they're stupid."

Having vented his spleen and ordered another beer, Evel explained the new setup. He has leased the south rim of the Snake River Canyon for three years for \$25,000. The canyon at that point is three-quarters of a mile wide and 1,300 feet deep—versus the 1.1-mile and 6,000-foot dimensions of the Grand Canyon at the point he had planned to jump. "The public will still get its money's worth," he contends. "I'm going to jump a mile anyway."

To do so, Evel is building a quarter-mile approach road that will culminate in a 100-foot-high ramp. "I'm going to build them out of 100,000 tons of salt from the Bonneville Flats," says Knievel. Mounted on a streamlined Harley-Davidson-equipped Olympia X-2 Sky-Cycle with a water-jet booster system, he will wind up to 200 mph by the time he reaches the base of the ramp, hit 250 mph during his jet-assisted takeoff, and—once hopes—350 mph in mid-flight. "My tracking team will buzz me by radio at the halfway point if I've got the right trajectory to complete the mission," says Evel. "If not, I'll scrub." To do so, he will deploy a parachute landing system. If not used in mid-flight, the parachute will be fired to drop him safely on the far edge of the canyon, handbars up, for a perfect wheeie landing.

Three years ago, when the Govern-

ment first began indicating its reluctance to let Evel jump the Grand Canyon, he was adamant. "You can't say you're going to jump the Grand Canyon and then jump some other canyon," he said. There is, indeed, a letdown with the switch in sites. What made the Grand Canyon idea so attractive was the comic-book surrealism of the concept: the world's craziest motorcyclist jumping up, up and away across the world's biggest hole in the ground. The first element in the equation still obtains—Evel is still Superfreak, despite all the eruptions of individual insanity that have occurred in the Western world since 1968—but the Snake River Canyon?

"It's mighty rugged real estate," argues Evel stoutly. "This is your original Mountain Man country. Lewis and Clark tried to hike through that canyon back in 1805 and couldn't make it. There are stretches of it that still have to be explored on foot. Just developing it for the crowds that will come to see me jump has been plenty tough work. I'm pumping in \$171,000 in improvements."

Sure, Evel, big numbers make for big excitement in this America of ours. Go on. "I'm right now negotiating with a TV network—can't tell you which one—for over \$1 million in TV rights. This jump will outdraw the Pro Bowl and the Super Bowl combined—live gate! Canyonside seats for three days of motorcycle racing and the jump itself will sell for \$25 minimum, and the really good seats will go for a hundred smackers. Gotta do it that way. I'm already into the jet for a quarter of a million."

The jet will generate 1,400 pounds of pressure at 240", and there is a secret weapon, says Evel. It's The Water. Always commercial, he counts among his sponsors the Olympia Brewing Company, and the jet will boil along on the same pure H₂O from Tumwater, Wash. that goes into Olympia beer. His own beer depleted, his own tum expanding, Evel decides to take a walk down the block and "have a look at the truck." He is in New York for a jumping engagement at Madison Square Garden—not to mention the opening of his film biography, *Evel Knievel*, starring George Hamilton—and has traveled here, as he does everywhere, in his 60-foot, fire-engine-red rig composed of a Kenworth custom cab-over tractor, Post custom coach and Trailmobile trailer, in which he traverses 40,000 miles of America

each year. Like everything Knievelian, it combines the 20th century fantasies of both the working class and the affluent elite.

The vehicle is a small boy's dream of the truck driver's life, plus a large boy's image of a rolling Playboy Club. Air-conditioned; replete with a paneled bar stocked with the best hooch, the most exotic mixes and Olympia beer on draught; carpeted in thick-piled, zebra-striped wool; closets resplendent with patriotic jumping leathers and, easily, 100 expensive, eye-dazzling shirts. It is the sort of vessel any man would like to voyage in—particularly with a chick or two. But Evel has his wife, Linda, and his three kids along. In fact, Linda is out right now getting 65 pairs of newly purchased trousers altered for Evel. "My left leg is an inch shorter than my right on account of the fall at Caesars Palace," he explains. "Takes a bit of tailoring."

Ah, yes, the Authentic American Hero. A lesser man would send his wife out to have five pairs of trousers altered. A lesser man would crosscross America in a Cadillac. A lesser man would ride British motorcycles, rather than big, ol' American Harleys. A lesser man might well admit to hyperbole when the Government denied him permission to jump the Grand Canyon for fun and profit, or else drop out altogether. To the extent that America is a composite of dreams and desperation, Robert Craig Knievel fills the bill.

Curious it was to spot the quotation that dangles from a nail in the truck's cab. "The people I want to hear about are the people who take risks." The quote was signed "Robert Frost."

Evel hauled himself up to his full six feet, exuded far more energy than could be contained in his mere 180 pounds, focused his eyes so that their intense beams seemed fraught with much more than 32 years of crushed bones and painfully gained wisdom. "I got a better quote," he said. "It's being set up right now, etched in gold. It's from Theodore Roosevelt, and I can recite it verbatim:

"Far better it is to take a chance to win glorious victory and triumph even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who know no victory nor defeat because they live in the grey twilight and have tried neither."

Listen, America! There are few heroes talking nowadays. **END**



In The Mind's Eye

His fantasies take the author and his trusted ally Maud to victory on the center court at Wimbledon. But actually a ghostly gallery sits in judgment of his game and finally drives him to ask the sport's superstars for help
by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

With Wimbledon at hand, once again the time has come to assess my own tennis game, and wonder why it is that I am not there, waiting in the doorway of Mayfair's Westbury Hotel for an official Rolls-Royce, the mauve and green Wimbledon pennant flying from the fender, to bear me off to a third-round match against Bob Lutz. Poor Lutz. It is all so absolutely clear to me. I am lying in one of the enormous clubhouse tubs after the match, luxuriating, the mind just barely ticking over, perhaps moved to consider the last crisp cross-court shot at match point that extinguished him. Tomorrow, Newcombe. Ho hum. Finally, the last day, and the ac-

continued



Phlipson's gallery: 1. Ernest Hemingway, 2. King Gustaf V of Sweden, 3. Marianne Moore, 4. Dwight Davis, 5. Betsy (the Gait Killers) Grant, 6. Gottfried von Cramm, 7. Brigitte Bardot, 8. his grandmother, 9. Captain Edward J. Smith of the *Titanic*, 10. General Alexander Samsonov, 11. Allison Danzig, 12. Ezra Pound, 13. Art Larsen's eagle.

ceptance speech following the astounding win over Rod Laver after being down 0-6, 0-6, 0-5, love-40 on my serve before finally getting my game uncorked ("What could have been on his mind?" is the big question in the newspapers the next day), the friendly though controversial wave of my racket ("A tattered museum-piece Dunlop, his only racket, which he calls 'Maud'") at the Royal Box that will be described as "gauche" by two editorial writers in the London papers... all of this entrenched in my mind—tableaux that I have been fantasizing for the past 15 years. Indeed, this is the time of year when I begin broadcasting those extraordinary Wimbledon matches to myself as I walk on the sidewalks of New York in the heat of late June. I try to keep my lips from moving so people will not notice. I am too self-conscious to use my own name in these broadcasts. Someone might overhear. I refer to myself as "Mmmm," but I certainly can recognize myself. I report in a British accent: "Mmmm has just come onto the famed center court. Roche has been waiting, seven rackets by his chair. Yes, Mmmm is carrying that odd trusty racket of his, the only one he owns, Maud." The drama unfolds. I begin weaving down Madison Avenue, my mind buzzing with pictures. "Mmmm is walking out to receive service. Yes, he is still limping badly, bitten in the ankle last evening, as you all know, in the course of subduing a mugger whilst escorting Princess A. home from a party in Cheyne Walk. Roche serves."

How sad, all this... because it is born of such regret, of a misguided sense that if things had been just a little different, if I'd concentrated more, or had a slightly different mental attitude, or lived in California hard by a cement court, then this week I actually would be in the Westbury in Mayfair, squeezing a hand-gripper, looking at the ceiling and thinking about returning Arthur Ashe's serve.

What sort of a game is mine?

I once described it as follows: I think I'm really quite a decent tennis player

despite a perceptible hitch in the backhand stroke that causes the ball to float alarmingly, a serve that rests right on the edge of hysteria, a dismaying tactical sense that calls for the grandstand rather than the percentage shot (a drop shot executed from the baseline is one of my favorites), a running style that has something of the giraffe in it and, above all, a morbid preoccupation during play with impending doom. Still, when the local yacht club tennis tournament rolls around in the last weeks of June I enter it with an optimist's conviction that the opposition will be doing well to take a set from me as I move through the draw to the Fourth of July finals. The club has 97 members. The men's singles trophy, a Revere silver bowl, sits on the clubroom table. It is the smallest model Tiffany's offers, and one would be hard pressed to load it up with more than seven or eight cashew nuts. I stare at it longingly. The runner-up trophy stands alongside. It is a fluted vase appropriate for a single long-stemmed rose, too thin for a name as lengthy as mine to be engraved on it without running back into itself. It shines its pristine polished light, however, and I persuade myself to find it acceptable if, by some chance...


My opponent in the first round is a tall, melancholy man who comes down to the courts carrying two aluminum rackets in their covers. During the warm-up his strokes are classic. Years of lessons and practice. I think of him as a mirror of myself. I had begun when I was 8—all those years on my grandmother's court with the apple basket of old tennis balls, trying to hit the handkerchief spread in the corner of the service court. ("He aces Budge!" my inner voice exclaimed.) My grandmother had a parrot that flew around the place untrammelled. Its favorite perch was the wire backstop where it teetered in the soft winds, its tail hanging down behind. It enjoyed the tennis and the only phrase it uttered, which it did constantly, was "love-40!"

My opponent begins to practice his serve. His mouth goes ajar as he hits it.

He had played on the team at Amherst, I had heard. Very shy man. Low voice. Asks if I am ready. The match begins. He wins the toss and double-faults. He double-faults again. He begins to disintegrate. My serve. His first return of service hits the net in the adjacent court. "Bend your knees, you fat faggot!" he cries at himself. His rage mounts. "Oh suffering Jesus!" he cries. We play appalling tennis and I extinguish him. We meet at the net. "I played well today," I say. I have read somewhere that Rod Laver uses that phrase when he walks to the net to comfort his defeated opponents. The Amherst man detests me. "Your game was a little off. I'd hate to run into it when it's on," I say. He grunts. A very pretty girl who has been watching turns out to be his wife. She comes out on the court and touches his hand. She has olive eyes and high cheekbones. She loathes me. They get into a very expensive car. They are going off to a grand lunch somewhere. I stare after them.

Second round: the day is muggy. My opponent is a sandy-haired older man who wears a hearing aid. He is one of the club's best yachtsmen. He came in third in the Bermuda Race one year. He wears blue yachting sneakers and khaki shorts. His tennis style is awkward. He pushes at the ball. During the warmup I do not make an error. The match begins. After 10 minutes he is ahead 3-0. He is steady. Everything comes back. I tighten up. I begin to play his game, potting the ball back. Rage begins to mount in me, first at him ("Why can't he hit the ball and play tennis like a man?") and then finally at myself. I berate myself, both verbally and physically. I cry out my name. I lift up my racket and belt myself in the calf. A welt rises and throbs. He wins the first set. Play begins in the second. I net an easy volley. I refer to myself as an "ox." The match is over. Nearly weeping with frustration, I walk to the net. Is he going to say something? He is. "I was really on today," he says. He puts out his hand. I murmur my apologies for having played so badly. "Can

erickson



Sure you could get a perfectly good
suntan in your own back yard.

Sure you can do without the best
things in life. But why?

Why not treat yourself to a smoother,
lighter whisky—Canadian Lord Calvert,
blended from the whiskies of our own
five distilleries.

You'll like drinking a whisky
that's uncommonly good.

Canadian Lord Calvert.
Sure you can do without the best, but you don't have to.



Imported Canadian Whisky—A Blend—50 Proof—Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.



Computerized warehouse storage-retrieval system



Truck trailers for long-haul or local freight



Tractor shovel builds interstate highways

Tow tractors speed supplies to a 747 in Belgium

Forklift truck handles heavy logging chutes





Tyler roll-in milk case eliminates hand stocking.



Van carriers stack and load containers at Montreal port.



Scrapers building roads in Venezuela.

In 151 countries, Clark Equipment gets things moving.

Clark lift trucks and material handling systems.
Michigan[®], Hancock and Melroe construction machinery.
Clark axles and transmissions for heavy-duty vehicles.
Brown[®] truck trailers, truck bodies and containers.
Tyler[®] and Deilefield food refrigeration/display equipment.
Buchanan, Michigan 49107

**CLARK
EQUIPMENT**



Clark axles and transmissions drive mining vehicles.



Snow blowers clear roads in Norway.



General tires for all kinds of cars.

Radial tires. Glass-belted new car tires.

Wide white-lettered tires. Puncture-sealing tires.

All belted for mileage and strength. And now they're all **Calibrated** tires. Measured and matched by a computer system that can spot force variations and correct them. Automatically.

They ride a little smoother.

A little quieter. With less vibration than ever before.

It makes a lot of difference.



Calibrated Tires from General Tire.

Mind's Eye continued

"I buy you a ginger ale or something?" he asks. "Not for me," I say. I have a terrible thirst.

It is this sort of annual setback that has been keeping me from pressing on to Wimbledon. I have never dared to admit to myself that perhaps physical failings—a quirky eye, a lack of speed, for example—might be at fault. The dream would evaporate if one allowed oneself to believe such heresy. The root of my troubles, I have always told myself, has been largely mental—a tendency to collapse in the face of adversity and succumb to a state of what was once known in tennis as "getting it in the elbow," stiffening up, choking, as in my match with the elderly gentleman with the hearing aid. Consequently, I have always been fascinated by the mental devices used to stave off such terrors. For years one of my favorite players was Art Larsen, who was the U.S. champion in 1950. He had returned to tennis on the advice of a psychiatrist as therapy for a series of breakdowns caused by war duty. Larsen provided a most interesting mental device, or catalyst, for himself—a large imaginary eagle that would perch on his shoulder to advise and cajole him through a match. Larsen had a habit one noticed after a while: just before serving, he would twist his head slightly, ostensibly to listen to what the eagle had to say.

I have always envied Larsen his eagle, and for a while I tried a more massive extension of his device: while playing, I imagined that I was being watched and advised by a gallery of spectators bunched together in a box high above the court who on occasion, in disregard of tennis etiquette, would offer sharp cries of encouragement or disgust. In the box were Ernest Hemingway, King Gustaf V of Sweden, Marianne Moore, Dwight Davis, Gottfried von Cramm, Bitty (the Giant Killer) Grant, my grandmother, her parrot, Art Larsen's eagle, Brigitte Bardot, Ezra Pound, Allison Danzig and a few others I associated with tennis. Sometimes in this group of shimmering faces others were discernible, especially when things were

going badly: General Alexander Samsonov, who lost the battle of Tannenberg, turned up among them, and so did Captain Edward J. Smith of the *Titanic*.

Often, carrying this enormous cargo of people around in my mind became too wearisome. I could barely move on the court. I would shuck all but one or two of them. And sometimes the simplest form was to suspect that the elderly groundskeeper across the way, slowly uncoiling a garden hose to attach it to a sprinkler, was actually someone in disguise, Jack Kramer perhaps, setting up a tour, and I would glance at him to see if he had caught sight of the skillful backhand cross-court that I had swept by my opponent (Sydney Lawford, age 14).

Part of my optimism is that I will one day come up with a mental device that will finally make the difference. My hunt for one is continuous, and earlier this spring I was given a fine opportunity to conduct my research during actual competition with great tennis stars, some of whom I thought could help me. In mid-March, at a time when I am usually fantasizing about turning up at the New York Yankees' training camp with an odd purple-hued bat, I received an invitation to an event known as the Dinah Shore Invitational Classic at Le Club International in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.—hardly Wimbledon, but still a doubles tournament in which I was informed I would be paired with a famous professional drawn by lot from a list that included Arthur Ashe, Cliff Drysdale, Roy Emerson, Rod Laver, Bob Lutz (poor Lutz!), Tom Okker, John Newcombe, Charles Pasarell, Dennis Ralston and Marty Riessen. A number of tennis enthusiasts like myself had been asked to compose: Alan King, Burt Bacharach, Ethel Kennedy, Dina Merrill, Peter Duchin, the orchestra leader, and of course Dinah Shore. I accepted the invitation with alacrity, and when the time came I packed my suitcase and my only racket, Maud, and journeyed down to Florida.

I wandered around Le Club International. The décor of the rooms is re-

ferred to as "beach bum chic"—thatched ceilings, paintings on black velvet, Tahitian artifacts, a parrot by the bar. In the lobby I spotted the tournament trophy. It stood four feet high. Four gold angels with wings stood at the four corners of its base. A tall mahogany shaft supported a gold globe on which stood a figure poised in the motion of serving. I stared at it transfixed. It would not fit in my suitcase. I would have to carry it through the airline terminal. The

scene was very clear in my mind. The crowds would stare. "Look at the size of that trophy," I could hear them saying. "Who is that guy? It's not Laver. Laver's a small redheaded guy. He must be one of the older Europeans; it's Nastase, that's who it is, Nastase of Rumania. Look at the size of that thing."

I tore myself away. Outside, in the bright sunlight, were two tennis courts with stands built up around them with a capacity of about 500, and on the

Continued



other side of the hotel entrance, quite secluded, a swimming pool around which the tennis players were loitering, some of them playing backgammon, others basking in the sun, gossiping and talking tennis. I sidled over and sat down next to Arthur Ashe. Lean to the point of fragility, he was dressed in pale yellow tennis clothes. He wore large sunglasses. I introduced myself and we chatted. I thought it would be difficult to raise something as personal as one's mental equipment, particularly with Ashe, whose mental approach has often been criticized as lachrymose.

"What about pressure?" I finally asked, coming right to the point. "Does it have the same effect on tournament players as on us mortal amateurs?"

"Oh my yes," he said softly. "You can feel it. Physically. Your pulse pounds. You get short of breath. The legs feel like lead posts. You have to tell yourself to move your feet. For some players, really great players, sometimes the legs won't listen. Tom Okker sometimes does slow down, usually in a tie-breaker when every point is like the edge of an axe. His legs are dead. On the other hand, Pancho Gonzales seems to get mad. He's always mad it seems, but when a crucial point comes along and he's under pressure he gets madder, as if it annoyed him to the point of fury that he'd let himself get into such a tense situation. And he takes it out on the opponent who put him there. He's a great clutch player. So is Newcombe. He's got the best record so far at winning tie-breakers. I've watched Newcombe when he's faced with a crucial point. He takes a long deep breath and shakes himself all over like a dog coming out of water."

"That's something to try," I said. I made a note. "How active is the mind during play?" I asked.

"Sometimes you really have to make it work," said Ashe. "For instance, Roy Emerson has a tremendous lurch in his serve that is very deceptive, you think he's just about to hit the ball and bang, it's by you. So you have to concentrate on the motion of the serve: He's throw-

ing it up, he's hitting it." Sometimes, though, I find that my mind is just barely functioning. I even get bored. Often I play better in that condition. The mind and body are absolutely attuned, and everything is instinctive. However, if you begin losing, the mind wakes up and it starts to offer excuses: 'I'm not playing well because I didn't get any mail from home this morning,' that sort of thing. When you're losing, the mind can be very inventive."

I nodded vehemently, though I resisted telling Ashe about the gloomy presence, when my own fortunes were turning, of General Samsonov and Edward J. Smith of the *Titonic*. "Confidence," I said. "I suppose that must be the key."

"If you're confident, you can do anything," said Ashe. "For a while," he added. "You ride those good streaks and then what happens is that you begin to psych yourself out. You tell yourself that you can't be playing that well, it's got to end. And sure enough, it does." He went on to describe a match he had played against Rod Laver at Wimbledon in 1969. He won the first set from Laver in 16 minutes. He made four errors. Everything else was a winner. He was playing on the center court, just grand. And then it began to pick at his mind that there was no conceivable way he could keep up such a pace, especially against Laver. It wasn't logical. His game began to taper off. Laver won the match in four sets. The score of the last set was 6-0. "I had come back to normal," Ashe said with a self-deprecatory grin. He touched his sunglasses to his nose and said he thought he might wander over and see what Le Club International had available for lunch.

I went over to the tennis courts to check on the tournament draw. I had been paired with Dennis Ralston. My heart jumped. He was one of the strongest players on the tour, one whose competitive urges had slopped over into temper tantrums in his earlier days, now all of this was under control. Someone standing beside me said, "Boy, are you lucky."

I studied to see who was in our side

of the draw. In the first round we were scheduled against Ashe and Peter Duchin. I knew something about Duchin's game, having faced it. He has a tremendous first serve, as fast as anyone's on the tour, but the ball is inclined to hit the ground in front of the net. His second serve is a high, arching lob that goes out. If we could get by the Ashe-Duchin team, it was likely we would run into Burt Bacharach and Bob Lutz(!). I had played Bacharach in California, a steady, very competitive sort somewhat hampered by his style of motion. He has been told countless times to bend his knees and he has taken this lesson quite to heart. He crouches around the court, tucked into the egg-shaped form one serves for while schussing down a mountain. When the ball comes near him, he rises out of the crouch as if propelled by a spring and very often sweeps the ball into the net before ducking back down into his fetal stance.

The dark horse in our side of the draw was the team of Jim O'Brien and Marty Riessen. O'Brien, the Colt placekicker who had won the world championship for Baltimore with his field goal, was an unknown quantity. I heard that he was involved in his first-round match and I went over to watch. He wore a red bandanna decorated with peace symbols around his forehead to keep his hair out of his eyes—a big, husky fellow who with his headdress and hippy hairdo looked as if he had just leapt atop a Paris barricade. His tennis style was rambunctious, full of wild dashes and jumps about the court, his racket held before him like a revolutionary placard on a stick. He was self-taught, picking up tennis quite recently, I was told, though it was clear that despite a lack of style he was quick, with a good eye. I felt a stir of foreboding as I watched him push his partner Riessen, four times U.S. doubles champion, aside and pounce on a short lob. Of course, Ralston and I had to get through the first two matches to reach the semifinals. I turned away and started walking back to the swimming pool.

"That's probably the most anguishing

thing in tennis," Eugene Scott, a ranking U.S. player, had once told me, "to be playing someone in an early round you know you can beat, a dog, a Joe Duddylumper, in a match where you have everything to lose. A sort of annoying terror creeps up on you, and there you are, shoved into the psychic doldrums."

"Is there anything you can do to extricate yourself?" I had asked.

"What the good ones do is shut down their minds and turn on the Australian automatic pilot."

"The Australian, . . ."

"It's a condition achieved through training sessions (actually only the pros can afford the time to learn it) where a player's response to any given shot becomes automatic. The serve-volley sequence. The cross-court over the lowest

part of the net. The percentage shot. No choice. It's sad, in a way," he went on, "that in superb tennis thinking may be the worst thing: tennis is one of the few sports, in fact the only one I know of, where imagination and initiative are invariably punished."

"Well, what about concentration?" I had asked. "That's a mental process."

"Actually, concentration in tennis is the process of keeping your mind *from* working, keeping the side thoughts out, so you're not thinking of the pretty girl in the front row. . . . where is the car parked? . . . am I going to get a parking ticket? The player concentrates to maintain his discipline. He will not try the shot he shouldn't; he won't jeopardize the point by dreaming up and attempting a tricky drop shot when the percentage shot calls for something else. Such an

idea, if he's concentrating properly, will never enter his mind."

Scott believes that the mental play of contemporary tennis stars is quite different from that of their predecessors, and evidence would appear to bear him out. Sidney Wood, who first played at Wimbledon at the age of 14 dressed in white plus fours (and thus sits staggeringly high on my list of heroes), does not find that players today go through mental exercises and stratagems to perk up their games. "Maybe they're all too good," he told me, echoing Scott. As for himself, he had a series of mental devices and prods designed to get him to a charged-up state during a match. He described the effect as "total vision," much as a Zen Buddhist strives to achieve satori, in which the feeling of omnipotence is overwhelming. "You simply

continued



become more than yourself," Wood said. "When it happens, there are physical manifestations as well. The hair stands on end and starts to get all prickly. It is caused by the tremendous flow of adrenaline that you've worked up. You've never had the sensation?"

"Well," I said, "I've had the prickly hair feeling. In my case it seems to come with terror, the possibility of a double fault, for example. It is very often accompanied by another symptom: the dropping of my racket to the court with a clatter. It's not the same."

"No," said Wood.

"How do you get to this state of total vision?" I asked.

"I did it by dramatizing the event," Wood said. "It's like an actress summoning up tears. You tell yourself even if it's a first-round match that it's the most vital match of your life, that everything depends on it, that it's actually center court at Wimbledon. A big gallery helped, I must say, because it's not easy to conjure up all this if you're playing on Court 16 down next to the shack where they keep the garden roller. And it didn't come all the time either, which is why I was known as such a streaky player. But when it did, you knew it; it's a state where you simply can't believe you can miss. Against George Lott at Southampton in 1930 I was down 5-0 in the last set and 40-love on his serve. It came. I passed him four times down the forehand and beat him. Almost exactly the same thing happened against Frank Shields in the semifinal round. In the final, Wilmer Allison had me love-40 on my serve for the match, and I served four straight aces and pulled it out. It's a type of acting. I've often wondered what would have happened to me as a tennis player if I'd studied with Sarah Bernhardt."

In fact, there were a number of players at Fort Lauderdale who relied on far more than what Eugene Scott had referred to as the Australian automatic pilot. Charles Pasarell's device was a book in which he kept a running account of his successes and failures on the tour, a looseleaf affair with pink

pages and yellow tabs. Under the letter A, for example, was a section on Ashe, a record of each match played. Pasarell writes in the book as seen as the day's play is over, noting the court conditions, the rackets used, the effect of the court surface on the ball ("The balls fluff up on SportsFleece") and then finally a synopsis of the match itself and conclusions. The page Pasarell showed me recorded a match he had lost to Ashe 6-4, 6-3. "Depended on my serve too much," he had written. "Didn't vary it enough. Next time give him spinner; don't try to ace him."

He had recorded a characteristic of Ashe's style that he thought might help him in the future. "When elbow in tight, and he cocks up shoulder, he's going to hit it down the line."

"Now that doesn't mean I'm going to get it," said Pasarell, "but perhaps it'll give me half a step to reaching the ball."

Not only does Pasarell write in his book following a match, he scribbles down notes prior to playing, four or five maxims that he will try to follow during the match itself. It is part of a track he learned from Pancho Gonzales when Gonzales coached the U.S. Davis Cup team. "He goes off into a place where he's by himself," Pasarell told me. "Tosset, perhaps. And in there he pictures himself playing every variety of shot there is. Chasing an overhead. Trying to serve out the game. He transfuses himself in there. I mean he sees himself making these shots so clearly that he begins to feel it, so that when he comes out his hands are actually sweating. He's ready. That makes a lot of sense. I write down what I'm going to try in the match. Then I go off alone and visualize it. You're not likely to forget if you do this half an hour before a match. I write down 'Chip the return of service and come in.' Then you picture it to yourself. I even write down just how I'm going to warm up before the match."

"Warming up?" I asked.

"Well, I might write down 'one arm,'" Pasarell said. "That's a phrase which for me means control of the right

arm, much as a golfer concentrates on the left arm. I might write down four or five phrases to remember during the warmup, just to get into the proper frame of mind. If you can do this consciously during the warmup, then you can extend that mental process into the match itself so that you can follow your plan of attack. It keeps you from being indecisive, changing your mind once you're in the middle of a stroke."

Marty Riessen said that he had once kept a book much like Pasarell's, but he had lost it somewhere. Certainly, though, he kept mental book on the people he played.

"What about Laver?" I asked.

He shrugged, the way all players do when they're asked about Laver, as if to suggest the gulf between design and execution. "I play Laver the way I play all left-handers, serve them wide to the backhand. 'Serve to their strength and volley to their weakness,' that's the phrase. It opens up the court."

"Why would you ever want to hit a ball to a player's strength?" I asked.

"Because they'll usually do one thing with their best shot. Take Roger Taylor. I know exactly what he can do and what he wants to do. His best shot is a short cross-court chip like Laver's but it is even quicker. If I hit to that shot, he can't resist taking advantage of it. But I have the real advantage because I'm almost dead sure what sort of a shot is going to come off his racket. It's axiomatic."

"Is Laver's the game you'd emulate, if you had the chance?"

"Rosewall is the one who excites me."

Riessen said. "The actual beauty of his style. I study it like a film. If I could play like anyone it would be like Rosewall. I wouldn't want to play like Gonzales. It's boring except for his mystique, his appeal, his looks. Laver is simply cutthroat and ruthless. It's all or nothing—those shots but 1,000 miles an hour with those great wrists; they either miss, which is a lot of the time, or you miss them."

Ashe and my partner Ralston dropped by. They sat down. A spatter of ap-

continued

Improve your game like Brooks Robinson does.



What helped Brooks Robinson become the "most valuable player" during the 1970 World Series?

He says, "Action-Study movies with Bell & Howell equipment helped me see minor problems and improve my hitting. They even helped our pitching staff."

"For two years now, the Baltimore Orioles have used Action-Study movies," Brooks added, "I believe they really helped us win the Series. In fact, Action-Study movies are one of the best ways I know of for self-improvement in any sport."

They can help you, too, no matter what your sport. Imagine analyzing your golf swing at a super-slow motion of 2-frames-per-second where you can see that a slight twist of the wrist causes a slice. Or helping your son correct flaws in his gymnastic routine or his basketball game.

Action-Study movies are made possible by Bell & Howell's fabulous Multi-Motion projector using any regular 8 or Super 8 movie footage. In addition to the Action-Study speed of 2-frames-per-second, you can immediately switch to normal speed, regular slow-motion, or stop the action completely.

The Bell & Howell Multi-Motion projector threads itself. It's great for all of your home movies.

And now, there's a special introductory offer at your Bell & Howell dealer. See the Multi-Motion projector demonstrated. Take one home. It'll help your score.

Limited Time Offer!
Free Brooks Robinson
Baseball Glove and
autographed baseball
with every Multi-Motion
Projector.

Get this high quality
Rawlings glove and
ball now.
Offer expires
August 1, 1971.



 **BELL & HOWELL**



Simulated movie sequence from
still photos by Walter Jones, Jr.

plause drifted from the courts. The talk about Laver continued.

"What do you do?" I asked Ashe.

"I practice against left-handers for a couple of days," Ashe said, "especially to learn how to react to the serve. I practice lobs. Laver's so quick that he can crowd the net on you, so you've got to lob a lot. But the main thing is mental. You've got to keep telling yourself that he's not so good that he can't be beaten. Hang in there."

"That's right," Ralston said. "If he knocks off four or five winners against you, you've got to tell yourself that he can't keep doing it."

"So if Denay and I run into Laver," I said, "we lob him. We lob him to death."

Ashe nodded and asked, "Who's Laver's partner?"

"Dinah Shore," I said.

"Well, I'd recommend lobbing her. Also driving at her, chipping at her, volleying at her."

"Right."

"If she climbs into the umpire's chair, hit the ball at her."

"Oh yes."

The comedian Alan King joined the group. "Talking tactics, eh," he said. He would rather play tennis than a nightclub filled with a hand-picked audience despite a brand of play that is erratic and suffused with fury. I have seen him rear up and with his steel racket take a substantial divot out of a cement court, an act that subsequently caused his host to post a discreet hand-pointed sign on the wire netting reading *Tennis Builds Character*.

He twirled his racket and offered a theory: "Jews have no backhands," he said. "Two thousand years of persecution and all that built-up aggression is going to come out in a good, stiff forehand. What else? The only backhand I ever ran into was my mother's. She used it across my mouth."

The players laughed. The P.A. system over the courts called for King and his partner, Nicola Pietrangeli. "In doubles, there is a good trick," King said as he hauled himself out of his beach

chair. "Just as the other team is about to serve, you whisper to your partner, just loud enough for the opponents to overhear, 'That guy hasn't served a double fault in three weeks.' No player's serve is going to survive that comment."

He moved off toward the courts through the crowds. The sun was hot. The players murmured among themselves. Then the call came, and Dennis Ralston and I went out to play our first matches. We got by both the Ashe-Duchin and the Bacharach-Lutz teams. Duchin hit Ashe in the foot with one of his serves. Bacharach said that he had become completely unstuck. "I have this trick," he said. "On receipt of service I say to myself: 'You're Ken Rosewall.' It didn't work today. I said, 'You're Ken Rosewall' to myself and it simply sounded foolish."

"It's terrible out there," I admitted. My mind had been seething with notions and images. I felt as stiff as a girder. Ralston poached a lot. He said, "You're doing fine," as I stalked about the court keeping out of his way.

"Just have confidence in yourself," he said as we walked off the court. He told me that he had heard that Fred Perry had such confidence that when he started a match he could already see himself winning the last point, shaking his opponent's hand at the end and getting ready to give the trophy-acceptance speech.

"My, have you seen the trophy for this tournament?" I asked. "It's about 10 feet tall." The O'Brien-Riessen team worked its way successfully into the semifinal spot in our side of the draw. We had two hours before our match. I was very jittery. At poolside the players talked about the prematch hours. "Think of Don Budge," one of them said. "Before he played von Cramm in the Wimbledon finals he slept for a couple of hours—just dropped off his shoes, lay down, folded his arms across his chest and went to sleep until they woke him up and he yawned and picked up a racket and went out and only let von Cramm take nine games off him."

"Then you have the opposite end

of the scale," Arthur Ashe said. "Cliff Richey would never talk to his opponent on the morning of a match. Wouldn't say hello. He'd just sulk around, furious. I mean it's impossible to keep that up when we're all on tour together, moving from place to place like a nomadic family. So he's changed. There are some for whom emotion is still the big thing. Gonzales always builds up the hate."

Ashe stirred in his chair and continued, "The player I remember hearing about whose mind really got absorbed with an upcoming match was Herbie Flam. One story is that he was sitting in a Sydney hotel thinking about a match the next day and a wineglass he was holding in his hand simply snapped. He couldn't sleep that night and stuffed newspapers in the cracks under the door to keep the light out. He used to say that he could hear the cats stomping down the carpeted halls."

There were any number of prematch rituals. Billy Talbert, who had such great matches against Jack Kramer and Tony Trabert, once told me that for years just before a match he inspired himself with the tenets of an article written by Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney in *Collier's* in which Tunney described how he prepared for a fight—the calm and confidence he achieved by putting his feet up and reading Shakespeare.

"Is that what you did?" I asked Talbert. "Read Shakespeare?"

"No, I read the article."

"Oh."

"I carried the article around in my bag for 15 years. It got a little raggedy around the edges. Calmed me down. I was a great admirer of Tunney's."

If it wasn't reading, it could be music. Eugene Scott discovered that he played his best matches after shutting himself in an air-conditioned room and listening to John Philip Sousa marches. The trick was to keep stock-still. He never gave in to the temptation of tipping his foot, so that the motion and energy of the martial airs flowed in without outlet, thereafter to be released on the tennis court. Scott was always convinced that *The Star-Spangled Banner*

played before an important match (as long as he didn't sing along) was worth a couple of axes. This is not so unique. Part of Don Budge's preparation for a match was to listen to jazz records (before he dozed off), particularly Benny Goodman's. He, too, felt that the rhythm and the mood had an osmotic effect: he listened only to loud and fast numbers, never to the slower ballads, which might have tended to make him meander on the court.

Ralston and I walked over to play our semifinal match. I went and stood by Laver, who I thought might have a last-minute phrase to help me. "I'm a very positive thinker," he said. "I have to be because I'm a chancy player. I do not hit the ball across the net to have it hit back."

Ralston was already on the court. I walked out. My face was grim. "I am not going to hit the ball across the net to have it hit back," I said to Ralston. He looked at me oddly.

My mind was stuffed. The sun seemed very bright. During the warmup I remembered Pasarelli's "one arm" theory. I swung at the ball like a revolving crane and hit it up against the fence. I jogged in place. "Loosen up," I told myself. I sagged, letting the joints and muscles go, so that at a distance it must have seemed as if I had been hit with a bullet. I straightened up. I smacked a ball at Riessen. "Don't baby it," I told myself. I shook myself like a dog, which Newcombe was supposed to do at such moments. I kept an eye on Jim O'Brien. His hair flopping under his red headband, he was leaping about the court, pushing the ball back at Ralston with his unorthodox style, and I tried, à la Gonzales, to work up a decent hate. I felt heavy with theories. Even Bacharach's ideas stuck. "I am Ken Rosewall," I said to myself. "Man," I said to Ralston. "I'm weak. It's the sun, I think. I can hardly lift my racket."

The match began. The issue would be decided in one set. Riessen served, a big spin that I could not handle. We lost the first game. Ralston won his serve, but barely. O'Brien seemed

to be playing with easy abandon, as if he had nothing to lose, or perhaps, since he tore around the court with a large grin, he was competing for the fun of it. I stared at him in awe. I pushed up a lob that barely reached the net. He uptoad up to it, reached back with his racket as if he were preparing to hop someone in authority with his revolutionary placard, and with a grunt he jumped into the air and hammered the ball down at a sharp angle. It went over the fence into a canal. The crowd shouted its delight. O'Brien cackled with glee.

My serve. The images jockeyed for position of authority in my mind, a montage of seething shapes. A sharp squeaky voice shouted that I was going to serve a double fault. I promptly did so. Hysteria began to seep in. I caught sight of Gustaf V of Sweden in my old familiar gallery, and could make out the dim figures behind, General Samsonov and Captain Edward J. Smith of the *Titanic*, those grim personages who turned up when all was lost? Fault! I threw the ball up for a second serve and stared at it beseechingly. The seams turned. "Wright & Dison" it revealed. Double fault! Ralston moved gloomily from the right court to the left, Love-30. My first serve went in against O'Brien and I tottered in toward the net after it. His return landed at my feet. I pushed up a half volley that Riessen, cutting across in the traditional pouch, put away. Love-40. The gallery applauded. Riessen swayed like a cobra for my serve. I followed it in toward the net, legs stiff, mouth gone slack, and with consummate skill Riessen chipped the return past me in the backhand alley. My serve had been broken at love.

That proved to be the match. The professionals held their serves with ease, and Ralston and I could not break O'Brien's serve though we got him to deuce. O'Brien won the match point with one of his jumping-jack smashes. "You-heel!" he shouted.

I walked slowly to the net with Ralston. I wondered vaguely if I would be-

have. "We caught you on a bad day," someone said.

We shook hands. I told Ralston I was sorry. He was terrific about it. He said he was going to send me a Head racket. He represents them. He didn't see how I could do anything with the wood thing I was carrying around. "No wonder," he said.

"Maud," I thought. "My racket Maud has let me down."

I've reflected upon that match a great deal. It took me nearly a month to get over it. I stared straight ahead on the flight home. I thought of O'Brien, who's been playing tennis for a year or so, carrying that enormous trophy through air terminals. Then something Don Budge once said began to make me feel better. He said that he never thought back on past matches, even when he'd won them. "Why," he told me, "everyone thinks I must recollect with such pleasure that famous Davis Cup win over von Cramm at Wimbledon, just a week or so after I'd beaten him so badly. That was when Hitler telephoned him in the dressing room and he came out and won the first two sets and was leading 4-1 in the fifth. I was supposed to have said to Walter Pate, our captain, as we changed sides, 'Don't worry, Cap, I've got him,' or some such nonsense. I would have been stupid to say that under those conditions. What I said was, 'I'm not out of this yet; hang on.'"

"I managed to pull it out, as you know. But I wouldn't ever want to play that match again, even in my mind. Who would want to go through it again? Why, for two weeks after that I would wake up with a great start, going through that awful tension again. No, I am not one to dwell in the past."

So that leaves the future for me (and Maud). And I am beginning to feel better about things. After all, Wimbledon will be coming up year after year. And one of these summers when I finally find the key, the proper mental device, they'll have my room ready for me at the Westbury Hotel in Mayfair. Absolutely.

END

**MOTORCYCLE
SPORT AND
THE MEN WHO
RIDE ON
ANY
SUNDAY**

A FILM BY BRUCE BROWN



NOW OPENING ACROSS THE COUNTRY RATED **G**

YESTERDAY

The Major Made It on a Bike

by RICHARD MANDELL

His specialty was the "jump"—a lunging sprint within a sprint. Warily watching for a gap in the ranks of his persecutors, the little black bike rider would put his nose even closer to the front tire than it had been, raise his haunches higher into the wind and wiggle through to break the finish tape. At the turn of the century such tactics won the man known as "Major" Taylor a lot of money, the adulation of thousands and the hearty dislike of most of his fellow competitors.

In the rugged world of professional bicycling circa 1900, Marshall Taylor was a rarity not only because he was black but because he was a teetotaler who deplored the use of tobacco and would not race on the Sabbath. He was, besides, a sensitive battler for equal rights and wrote touching verse in which he compared his "white" inner being with the "black" souls of the men his ambitions forced him to compete against. All this at a time when his country was tightening rather than relaxing the rules of Jim Crow.

Acknowledged as the "fastest bike rider in the world" 10 years before Jack Johnson won the world heavyweight boxing championship, Taylor was, however, a darling of the sportswriters in the '90s and his appearances at the steeply banked cycling ovals brought warm cheers from thousands of spectators. Yet, because of his color, he was held in contempt by most of his racing rivals and, of course, regularly barred from restaurants and hotels.

Marshall Taylor was born in 1878 in Indianapolis, one of eight children of the coachman for a wealthy businessman. A son of the family in the big house occasionally let the black child borrow his bike, and in no time Marshall showed the white boy tricks he never dreamed of. Soon Marshall proved he could excel in all sports except swimming, which he could not learn properly because he was routinely barred from the YMCA swimming pools.

Taylor's first job was sweeping up the store and demonstrating trick riding for a bike dealer in his home town. Without Marshall's knowledge, the dealer entered his name in a 10-mile race, which he easily won, thus getting his first gold medal on a "standard" with solid rubber tires when he was just 13 years old. The new type bicycles, like those we see today, with pneumatic tires, drop handlebars and other modern gadgets, were

just coming into fashion, and bicycling itself had become the newest craze. Eager amateur and professional cycling leagues, indignation over "searchers" on the public highways, and Major Taylor all arrived on the American scene at about the same time.

Sport bicycling attracted a host of paying spectators and became a fast-buck business with the inevitable superstructure of rogues, agents, raffish track managers and other hustlers. Tough, young athletes trained hard to master the new advances in cycling technology. Taylor himself experimented with all sorts of new styles of handlebars to lower wind resistance and once had a bike that weighed only 15 pounds. He and his fellow racers competed for purses that ranged to \$1,000 and more as the promoters tried to outbid each other for the stars.

In keeping with the segregation that was standard in American society, there was one racing circuit exclusively for blacks that had its own schedules, heroes and betting apparatus. Called the Negro Cyclists' League, it was especially strong in the South, but Major Taylor would have nothing to do with such minor league cycling (with its correspondingly smaller purses). He much preferred to battle the color bar on the white folks' tracks. Once he was cheeky enough to register for a race in Savannah, Ga., but before he could be strapped into his pedals some so-called White Riders ran him out of town.

Even up North Taylor lived with threats against his life. Once in Boston, W. E. Becker, a cyclist Taylor had just nosed out, choked the black man into insensibility as thousands watched. Usually, however, the Major could depend

upon crowd sentiment to favor the principle of nondiscrimination. Often, when a combine of cyclists who "drew the color line" (to employ a phrase of the time) used technicalities to bar Taylor from a chance at the large purse, his partisans would enter his name secretly. Taylor had many partisans, particularly in the press. Editorial writers condemned the rawest conspiracies against him and, using various point systems to back their case, sports reporters determined that Taylor was the American champion of professional cycling from 1898 to 1901. But he was never officially proclaimed as such.

Taylor attracted sympathy because, superficially at least, he gave the impression of being a modest underdog. In fact, his handicaps were but skin-deep. He was a clever tactician who broke to take the lead very late in races because he liked to use his competitors as windshields for as long as possible. After tailgating along in their wake, he would use his last reserves of power to jump through for final victories. His adversaries bumped him openly, but he would elbow them deftly in passing. Faced with their taunts and menacing gestures, the Major would retort by smiling with forbearance and quoting some psalm or other.

A physiologist once examined Taylor's body with care and declared his physique perfect for the sport he chose. He had small shoulders, a thick chest holding a strong heart and heavy thighs, with the rest of his body pared narrow. His ankles and wrists were elegantly slim, and the fact that his dark brown skin was shiny smooth seemed evidence of some kind of genetic conspiracy to pass him through the air even more slickly.

Off the track, Major Taylor heightened the general impression of physical perfection by dressing like a cultivated businessman, but in competition he wore skintight outfits in black and baby blue. His jersey had rows of pearl buttons along the edges of his shoulders. The crude dress of his rivals heightened Taylor's elegance.

In time, bike racing evolved all sorts of specialists. There were the distance men who would attack space with time, or vice versa. That is, they would attempt a standard distance such as 10,000 meters or 1,000 miles, or they might see how far a man could travel in an hour, a day or a week. Then there were the sprinters

continued



Critical Acclaim!

"Grand Hotel... lives up to its name... For anyone who savors the game and all its amenities, Point Clear is one grand golfing experience."
Golf Digest

If we were a Broadway show we could run a year on that review.

If we were a book we'd be a bestseller.

But we're a resort. One of the finest in the South. With three spectacular nines, 27 tricky deceptive holes. And along with the rest of Grand Hotel, they're something to rave about.

See for yourself. Reserve now for our Grand Summer Holiday Plan between June 15 and Labor Day.

\$162 7 days, 6 nights.
Or \$85.50* for 4 days, 3 nights.
Special low rates

for children, too. Prices per person, double occupancy. Includes room, breakfasts, dinners, gratuities, unlimited free golf, tennis, swimming, pier fishing, lawn sports, nightly dinner dancing. Junior hostess for children. European Plan available.

*Only 55 rooms at this rate



See your travel agent or write: Jim Pope, V.P. and Gen. Mgr., Grand Hotel, Point Clear, Ala. 36564. (205) 325-5001. Represented by Robert J. Warner, Inc. in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami and Toronto.

Bike *continued*

day cyclists, not true distance men but athletes who could do hundreds of successive sprints in the period of time between two Sundays.

As a beginner Taylor had entered six-day races, but his specialties lay more in all-out efforts for stretches of a mile or less. When he was 15 years old, he managed to do a five-lap mile in 2:11 from a standing start. Later, as a professional, he became a celebrated figure in a long tournament that had as its object the cycling of a mile in the least possible time. The best cyclists began to pursue records for the flying mile, and then for the mile done behind pacers. Those five-man tandems that one sees in tintypes with big, grim-faced men posed before them were not jokes. The long machines were especially built for the purpose of cutting wind resistance in front of following soloists who were trying to raise their velocity to the magic figure—a holy grail of the epoch—"a mile a minute."

The Ebony Streak of Black Cyclone, as some sportswriters dubbed Taylor, was the hero of many well-publicized attacks on the mile. Eventually he settled on steam pacers, for they could be revved up faster than the tandems. Some of the first vehicles made by the Stankley Steamer Company were expressly ordered as Taylor's windbreaks. With first the long tandems and then the hissing steam pacers running interference, Taylor brought the record for the paced, flying mile to 1:41, then to 1:31½, and finally to 1:19.

Unfortunately for Taylor, the one-minute-mile barrier was breached on June 30, 1899 by a New York policeman named Charley Murphy who stole a march on the whole cycling world. With his gear ratios set for 31 feet per revolution, Murphy spun the crank at 175 rpm, and he did it in the near vacuum created by a shield pulled by a big locomotive over a special track of the Long Island Rail Road. But Taylor bore Murphy no grudge. Afterward, Murphy and Taylor, two of the most glamorous figures on the silent steeds—as cycles were called—toured as a team in vaudeville, grimacing and sweating on treadmills for cheering ticket holders.

Taylor probably met his warmest admirers abroad. He left for his first trip to Europe in 1901. The French smiled when they heard that the Yank would not race on Sundays, and they were in-

credulous when Taylor clucked with disapproval upon observing some European champions drinking wine with their lunches. But the sports reporters in Paris admired the American, both as a performer and as a dandy. The "aprilier now," they wrote, was "beau," "très baromètreusement bâti" and "un diable de négrier." Ever a patriot, Taylor demanded that his appearances be greeted by a band playing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. In Paris on May 27, 1901, after he had beaten the European champion, Edmond Jacquelin, Taylor caused a sensation during his cooling-off laps by waving a little silk American flag he had secreted in his belt.

Soon promoters heckoned from Australia. The Aussies were enthusiastic cycling fans, but they also had firm rules barring Orientals and blacks. So great was Taylor's reputation as a performer, however, that these proscriptions were put aside. When Taylor arrived for his first Australian tour in Sydney in 1903, thousands greeted his ship and all the bands that could be missed played *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

In the course of Taylor's second Australian tour in 1904, the promoters imported a few other American riders, and some of them again harassed their black rival. Soon after this Taylor began to lose frequently. At last, gathering his winnings, which were substantial, he retired to Worcester, Mass., which had one of the few YMCAs that would not bar him from its swimming pool.

Taylor tried a comeback in 1908, but by then professional cycling had many rivals for spectator interest, including automobile races. The motor pacers' descendants were now roaring on their own tracks without cyclists tailing them. And Taylor himself had lost much of his young power.

Still fit and handsome, Taylor occasionally sped maddly over the splintered, graying surfaces of the cycling tracks. And he always tried his hardest in the sentimental oldtimers' races. But as time passed, his appearances became fewer and fewer, and soon Marshall Taylor's efforts to break the color barrier in sports were forgotten. It remained for other Negro athletes to do the same work all over again long after the Black Cyclone had hung up his shoes. But it is well to note for the record that the little Major was one of America's first black national champions.

END

Listen to *The Executive Voice* anywhere and anytime. It's like sitting in on a business seminar at your convenience. A sampling from recent cassettes:

Management methods

William McNeely of American Motors talks about how the little guy wins a market share. For one thing, never adopt the big guy's marketing strategy...

Challenging new concepts:

Is your firm really suited to the 5-day work week? Listen to what people on a 4-day schedule have to say... or Dr. Mildred Faught's case for the 3-day week...

Close-ups on government:

A conversation with Miles Kirkpatrick, head of the increasingly active and influential Federal Trade Commission...

Each month, the opinions and experience of men like

Wilfred Owen of The Brookings Institution...
Fred Hartley of Union Oil...
Frank Zorn of Zorn Industries...
management consultant Peter Drucker...

A varied selection of features, analyses, forecasts and management insights, presented on handy, go-anywhere tape cassettes.

Hear it before you decide if you want to subscribe. See coupon below.



Management Expertise— the language spoken on The Executive Voice from FORTUNE

Every month, vital management information on tape cassette.

Hear America's shrewdest managers—like Roy Ash of Litton Industries... Robert Townsend, author of *Up the Organization*... Najeeb Halaby of Pan Am—sharing their experience and ideas, in their own words, their own voices. Enjoy—and learn from—penetrating interviews and free-wheeling discussions about management methods; success stories and painful postmortems; business futures; controversial issues and much more.

The Executive Voice brings you this lively and important exchange of management know-how with all the revealing immediacy of sound. It's conversational, to the point, packed with facts and opinions, and it captures every tone of voice a man uses to get his point across—confidence, irony, concern, skepticism. It will pay you to listen.

Free, ten-day trial examination of the next cassette.

If you do not own a cassette player, exercise the subscriber's option on one of the best for the money. The Soundesign recorder player is a compact, superbly engineered machine, highly portable and designed for long, hard service. It operates on batteries (included) or house current. examine it with no obligation for ten days and can purchase it for \$29.95 instead of \$54.95, its suggested retail price.

ORDER FORM Complete and mail to:
The Executive Voice Time & Life Building
541 N. Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, Illinois 60611

- ☐ Yes, please start my trial subscription to *The Executive Voice*. I understand I may examine the first cassette for ten days, free, before deciding if I wish to subscribe. At the end of that time, I may return the cassette without obligation. If I keep the first cassette, please enroll me as a subscriber and bill me for a one-year (12 issues) subscription at \$80 plus applicable local taxes.
- ☐ I would also like to examine the Soundesign Cassette Recorder-Player for ten days free. At the end of that time, I may return it without obligation. If I decide to keep the recorder, I will pay \$29.95 plus shipping and handling. My total price for a subscription and recorder will be \$109.95, plus shipping and handling on the recorder. Applicable local taxes additional.
- ☐ I would like to pay in three convenient installments at no extra charge.

Ship to: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

0107

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MET DISSENT

Sirs:

Bill Leggett states that the Mets are unpredictable (*Beware of the Cliff Dwellers*, June 21), but he fails to see that the Pirates are quite the opposite. Willie Stargell continues his home-run assault, the pitching has improved over last year when the Bucs won the NL East title and the depth of the bench is unrivaled in the major leagues.

Sorry, Bill, but the Pirates are sweeping everything this year. As the Bucs' announcer, Bob Prince, would say, "We had 'em all the way!"

MARK BALAWER

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

To be blunt, I am tired of reading in your publication about the great New York Mets while Pittsburgh continues to lead the East. In the past two seasons we have been forced to stomach continuous stories about Seaver and Co. while the Pirates rate only two stories in two years. If the Mets were actually as good as you seem to think, I would be the last to object to the publicity. But they are not. There is one consolation though. When the World Series is over, you will be forced to mention the Pirates—as the winners.

ED FARNER

Uniontown, Pa.

Sirs:

When I saw the June 21 cover I envisioned an impartial story on the three-team race in the East. The way Mr. Leggett wrote it, you'd think the Mets were in first place by 20 games instead of 3½ behind the Bucs. I would like to read an article on the team that has been in first place a good part of the year and, before slumping, won 12 out of 14 on a recent home stand. What team am I talking about? The St. Louis Cardinals.

JAY FEURBRACHER

St. Louis

SPIND STIRS 'EM UP

Sirs:

The thinly veiled political impact of Spiro Agnew's words (*Not Inferred with the Coercion of Infallibility*, June 21) leads to a rather fascinating contradiction wherein the Vice-President takes Dave Meggwy, Chip Oliver and George Sauer to task. In one passage he disparages society for becoming "more concerned with the aberrations than the norm," having previously decried a society "that would have us live our lives as identical lemmings."

As you no doubt learned from the Chandler series, politics and sports do not mix.

SI would be well advised to avoid courting authors who have an ax to grind or a reputation to mend. It might appear that Mr. Agnew is seeking a nomination for Sportsman of the Year.

OSWALD ALBORN III

La Mesa, Calif.

Sirs:

If your best game is table tennis, Spiro, then please play in your basement where damage would be minimal. By the way, lock the basement door.

STANFORD H. LAMPE

Lexington, Ky.

Sirs:

It was an unpleasant surprise and a grave disappointment to find that SI had provided such a willing forum for the utterly unctuous utterings of the Vice-President. His thoroughly convoluted approach to the relationship of sports to mankind is alarming in its suggestion that seeking fun and relaxation should be only a tertiary purpose of participant sports. This glib and cavalier dismissal of any value other than being No. 1 is patently detrimental to the idea that sports is merely one of a wide variety of means toward human development.

As competition becomes more invidious, the benefits that Mr. Agnew extols reach a point of diminishing returns. It is time that Vince Lombardi's "Winning is the only thing" mania was laid to rest, before the proponents of this ethic do the same to the spirit of brotherhood in this country.

GENE CURRIEN

San Diego

Sirs:

Thank you, Mr. Vice-President, from all the Walter Mittys of sport.

As you so aptly expressed, "Hope springs eternal," and we always go back for more.

PURTEL R. RODGERS JR., M.D.

Seaford, Ark.

Sirs:

Mr. Agnew has helped restore proper balance to the whole subject of sports, and cited the rewards that he in store for those willing to accept the challenge of competition and the risk of failure.

JAMES A. CHAPMAN

East Northport, N.Y.

Sirs:

Spiro T. Agnew is living proof that a man learns largely from his mistakes. A statement attributed to the Vice-President, "No one can succeed unless he is willing to risk embarrassment and failure," should be prominently posted in every household.

Thank you for publishing his remarks. I am even encouraged to continue bowling.

PALL F. CAME

Baltimore

Sirs:

The Vice-President's story was most interesting and important because of his philosophy and convictions about the value of sports to our country. This is the type of attitude all coaches try to instill in their athletes. Vice-President Agnew's conclusions are the reasons coaches are so "sold" on athletics. They, too, know the value of sports to everyone.

JIM KEYS

Miami

JEANNETTE'S FEAT (CONT.)

Sirs:

Congratulations to a different kind of winner, Jeannette Bruce's *Himalayan Teak or Teak* (June 7) was lovely in its low-key humor and roundabout description of an ancient endeavor. We aren't all doing our thing in order to win, and even if we were, there would still be seas of also-rans. Here's to the little lady with the big blazers.

KATE RILEY

Neenah, Wis.

LOOK MA, NO HANDS

Sirs:

Having killed a couple hundred crows with a slingshot as a boy in India—we called them catapults or "cuddies"—I suggest that Daniel Mannix (*Far Use on Gower Nor Towers*, June 14) use a fairly narrow "Y" rather than a wide-yawning "Y" to attach his rubber bands to, enabling him to bring his thumb and first finger close to the top. This reduces the leverage and results in more steady power. The thing then is to ride a bicycle with no hands, the hands being used to hold and conceal the slingshot folded to the chest. The crows don't seem to fear a bicycle rider, and a quick shot at an unsuspecting bird on the ground is possible.

WAYNE D. WARDWELL JR.

Parma, Idaho

RED DRAGONS SEE RED

Sirs:

Cornell's contention that it had been snubbed by the NCAA lacrosse Establishment over the past few years (*Big Red Fete Itself No. 1*, June 14) can only be matched by the absence of an invitation to this year's tournament for the State University College at Cortland. Ranked the No. 8 team in the nation among colleges and universities, and No. 1 among small colleges, the Red Dragons compiled an impressive 11-1 record. They completely annihilated both Ho-

continued



crazy about football?

Then read Football Digest
Each issue 100 pages... player
profiles, action photos, history,
statistics, etc. NFL: \$2.50 per
month. \$1.00 on newsstands.

Football Digest, 51-1, Box 487, Evanston, IL 60204

OF ADDER OPENLY

ATTACH
PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

If you're moving, please let us know
four weeks
before changing your address.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**
541 North Fairbanks Court
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Be sure to attach your address label when
writing on other matters concerning your
subscription-billing, adjustment, complaints, etc.

Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands
\$12.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere
in the world \$8.50 a year, all others \$16.00 a
year.

To order SI, check box: ☐ new ☐ renewal

18TH HOLE *restaurant*

bart and Syracuse, two teams that are not unknowns. Though the lone loss was to Cornell, it occurred in Cortland's second game and at a time when the weather here was still so unbearable that practice outside was next to impossible.

RICHARD J. CORRENTI

Cortland, N.Y.

NO NEED FOR BAD KNEES

Sirs:

Your article "Too Late for Joe" (Sports Illustrated, June 21) regarding the excellent results of soccer shoes in place of football shoes to reduce severe knee injury is fine but, in my experience, incomplete. As a college undergraduate player I had a knee problem, as did several of my teammates. Then when I became the head coach at Episcopal Academy for two years, freshman football coach at the University of Pennsylvania for four years and varsity coach at Penn for 16 years, I was constantly aware of the great team loss, as well as the individual loss, caused by knee injuries. Believe it or not, in all of my years as a coach we never had a knee injury requiring an operation. Yes, we used short cleats. We also had daily exercises to strengthen the knee and ankle areas, and we did not wrap the ankle so tightly that all flexibility was out and the full strain was thrown on the knee. Yes, we did have our share of ankle sprains, but never a bad knee.

Congratulations to Dr. Joseph S. Torg and the public and Catholic high schools of Philadelphia for their study, effort and real contribution toward the elimination of football knees.

GEORGE MUNCIA

Philadelphia

HAIRLINE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Right on, Bill Skinner! It has long been an assumption of mine that ability makes the athlete, not a bitch haircut. In high school I banded together with several friends in a boycott of the track team to protest grooming restrictions (on athletes only, the rest of the school had abolished dress codes, no doubt from the inspiration provided by the athletes with their short hair). Since we were the key to a track league championship that year, the coaches made a few compromises, and got their championship. But the team was never really together; certain hostilities had been caused by the rift and will never be forgotten. Now I'm at L.A. Valley College, coached by Nick Giovannazzo and George Ker, who care only about helping the athlete get the most out of track and field for himself and the team. This team is more together than any team you could find. Here we care about track, not hair. And if Bill Burke is concerned about student rebellions, perhaps if he and

others like him would do away with ridiculous nit-picking restrictions like those on hair, there wouldn't be so many.

STEVE NIMAND

Pacifica, Calif.

Sirs:

I was disturbed by what happened to Bill Skinner at the University of Tennessee but I was not surprised, knowing that these archaic attitudes still exist among coaches. One of the main concerns of coaches is performance. Anything that detracts from performance should be eliminated, and anything that adds to it should be reinforced within the contexts of legal and moral standards. I am a little embarrassed to have to tell Bob Woodruff, Bill Burke, etc. what every elementary school child knows: that is, there is absolutely no correlation between appearance, specifically mustaches and long hair, and athletic performance. Neither does the lack of hair and mustaches have anything at all to do with helping guys work together, increasing respect for athletes or removing the possibility of having a drug image, as Woodruff would like to have his athletes believe.

Being a coach myself, I subscribe to Al McGuire's philosophy: "They do my thing on the court, and their own thing off." This liberal attitude certainly has not hurt the performance of McGuire's teams over the years. The success of any athletic program is due to two things, talented personnel and good coaching. It has nothing whatsoever to do with athletic dunks, training tables or silly rules on appearance.

WILLIAM O'ROURKE

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

Concerning your biased article, as hard as you tried you failed to conceal the fact that Skinner was a rebel and, what is more inexcusable, he was old enough to be a man, but he whined and moaned and behaved like a juvenile. In reconstructing your article, you stated in different parts that 1) Skinner didn't go out for high school sports; 2) he was a high school dropout; 3) he expressed a desire to be a loner (individual) rather than a member of a team; 4) that organized athletics aren't his bag; 5) that he was divorced; and 6) he chose to disregard the rules. These are not outstanding traits of good character and certainly do not describe an ideal athlete. Skinner is one of those who, after being given the opportunity to become famous, turned his back on everything and everyone responsible for his success. He is a 31-year-old selfish, ungrateful spoiled brat.

CHARLES H. WALKER

Baton Rouge

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg.**,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 25 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson

and his wife Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing, or "darting." After checking with the East African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.



an official of the
to the Ministry of the
of the Canadian Club
WHEAT WALKER & SONS LIMITED
MILWAUKEE, CANADA

2 "For two days we looked all over Voi for elephants," says Thelma.

Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the sisal plants for food. Circling downwind, Tony fired the dart at a lone bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M99 tranquilizer put him to sleep.




3 Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Muryoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antilute and get out fast.

4 "It sure sounded good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

A man in a cowboy hat and vest sits on a dark horse in a field. He is holding the reins and has a cigarette in his mouth. The background is a soft-focus landscape with hills.

**Come to where
the flavor is.
Marlboro Country.**

Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's
you get a lot to like.



Kings: 20 mg "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine—
100's: 22 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. '90